THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CV.—No. 1361

JANUARY 15, 1930

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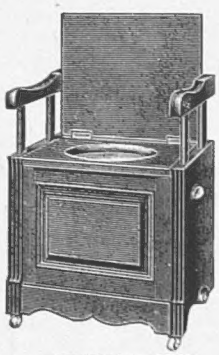

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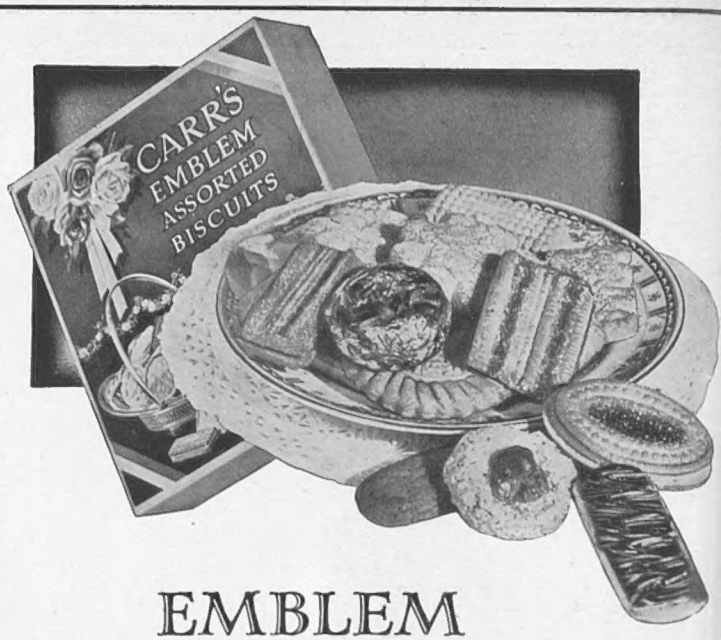

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Alfieri

A view of a match in progress at the Cannes Polo Club. The game is very popular on the Riviera, where many important matches are staged during the season

The Passing Hour

Signs of the Times

EX-ROYALTIES considerably outnumbered the assembly of reigning or potential royalties at the marriage of the Crown Prince of Italy with Princess Marie José. There were the ex-King Manoel of Portugal, the Duke and Duchess of Vendôme, the ex-Prince Danilo of Montenegro, Prince Louis Napoleon, the ex-King of Greece, Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria, Princess Helena of Russia, Infante Don Ferdinand of Bulgaria, the ex-Archduke Joseph of Hungary, and our old friend ex-King Amanullah of Afghanistan. Their ambiguous position excites sympathy as well as a certain amount of satisfaction that they are still able to make an impressive parade, although unrepresentative of any throne, owing to the vagaries of mob opinion. France and Hungary are certainly lost with Republics.

NEXT WEEK

We shall feature

COLLINSON OWEN

on

"America's Crime Market"

and

J. A. HAMMERTON

on

"Mob Taste and The Critics"

Sport and General

EXPERT CRITICS

Three picturesque Cossacks watching the polo at Cannes. Excellent riders themselves, they have an expert knowledge of the finer points of horsemanship

A French and Swedish Alliance

EVERYTHING, however, that has been said of distant alliances may be taken down as evidence against me when we contemplate weddings in our midst. They never lack the attention of the public eye nor the descriptive enthusiasm of the diarist, be they of lawn tennis players or of Princesses. Any casual rumour involving our own Princes sets every ear on end. For those mutual friends of the Baronne Palmstierna and the

Alfieri

Mme. Dubonnet, the wife of the well-known millionaire, at Cannes. One of the best-dressed women in France, she is better known as Mrs. Nash

ITALIAN ART AND SWEDISH MATRIMONY

daughter of Sir Evelyn and Lady de la Rue, who were married last week, who wished to attend both ceremonies it was fortunate that some time elapsed between them. As the Swedish Church can hold but a little over two hundred people, the only ones who were reasonably sure of witnessing the marriage seemed to be the photographers, who hung, in figurative festoons, above the aisle. It seems that only English churches now resist the invasion of the ubiquitous photographer; the Vatican long since succumbed to the camera.

Waiting at the Porch

M. FRANCOIS DE SEYNES DE LARLENQUE waited at the church door for his Swedish bride, for it is the custom in Sweden for the bridegroom to escort his future wife up the aisle with her hand in his, a less stiff procedure, perhaps, than our own. Sir Evelyn de la Rue, whose daughter, Ruby, was married to Captain G. W. E. J. Erskine, bears a name that has close association with pen and ink, but Sir Evelyn has also applied those mediums to authorship and produced, I believe, quite a profound work of philosophy.

Sir Austen, a Jay-walker

CONSIDERING the number of times their pictures appear, it is surprising that politicians are not more readily recognised when seen in the London streets. I found myself walking behind a tall, bent figure with top hat and monocle in the Haymarket the other afternoon, holding in one hand a green-bound catalogue of the Italian Art Exhibition, which, even before the monocle was turned in the direction of a shop window, suggested the identity of Sir Austen Chamberlain. So it proved to be, but he had gone some way before it seemed to occur to passers-by who he was. Then one by one their heads turned round after the first glance, and you could observe their lips forming his name. The test supreme of popular recognition, that of two messenger boys, Sir Austen failed. Of course, had it been Hobbs, or Segrave, or Mr. Leslie Henson matters might have been different. The ex-Foreign Secretary, I observed, is inclined to be what the Americans call a "jay-walker," that is, he steps blithely between traffic when crossing the road.

The Foreign Secretary's Absence

ONE of the "best sellers" of the moment must be this green catalogue of the Italian exhibits at Burlington House. In small print at the top of the present cover are the words, "Under Revision," and it might be an advantage in any subsequent edition to append, after the index of artists, a numbered cross-reference to the pictures, such as they do with the Royal Academy summer exhibition. Neither at the arrival of the Leonardi da Vinci, which conveyed the Italian pictures to London, nor at the Private View, was the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs present. With Mr. MacDonald he is one of the honorary presidents of the Exhibition, and it might have been more appropriate with the generosity of the Italian Government in lending 50 per cent. of the pictures shown had Mr. Henderson made some formal acknowledgment of their arrival by his attendance at Burlington House. An interesting tour of comparison at the Exhibition is that of comparing the many artists' representations of Christ. Most adhere to the traditional conception, but there is a somewhat startling deviation in the disputed Giorgione, "The Adultress Brought Before Christ," in which the central figure, somewhat obscured, is that of a young and wealthy aristocrat rather

(Continued on page 102)

Topical

Lord Beatty passing the time of day with Lady Rosebery at a meet of the Pytchley at Old, Northamptonshire. Lord Beatty has been making some pungent criticisms about the Naval Conference this month concerning the whittling down of the Navy

Sport and General

Originality was by no means lacking at this fancy dress ball held in the Palace Hotel, Mürren, on New Year's Eve. This fierce-looking ringmaster is really Lord Vernon, while his steed consists of Miss and Mr John Maude, whose father is the well-known actor, Cyril Maude

SUNSHINE and SOCIETY on the CÔTE D'AZUR

Alfieri

A view of the terrace at the Country Club in Monte Carlo. This is one of the most fashionable spots on the Riviera during the Season

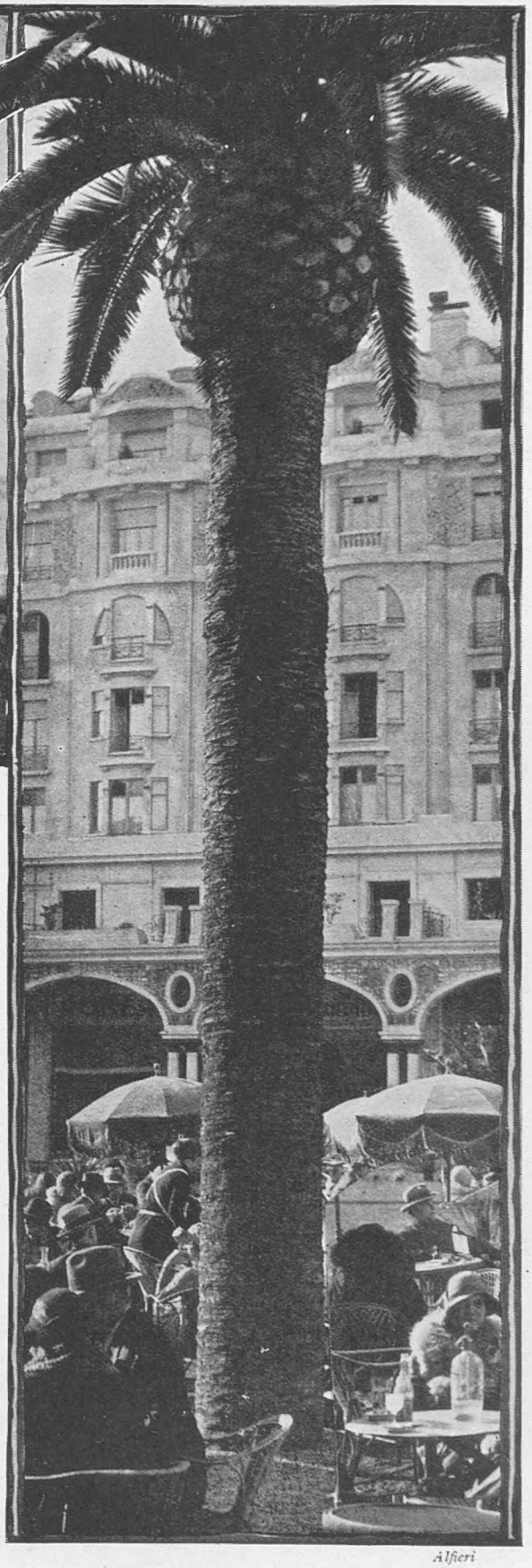
Sport and General

BACK AGAIN!

Fräulein Cilly Aussem, the attractive and well-known German tennis star, seen at Cannes. She will be playing in many tournaments on the Côte d'Azur this winter

Alfieri

Below. Mrs. Paul Davidson and Mrs. A. Fane enjoying the Riviera sunshine. They are seen in Monte Carlo



Alfieri

L'heure de l'apéritif at the famous Café de Paris at Monte Carlo. One of the best-known rendezvous in the world, the bright sunshine makes it possible to enjoy an alfresco apéritif even in winter

A BACCHANALIAN BURLESQUE

Planet News

Sir Sefton Brancker, the Director-General of Civil Aviation, with Capt. Rawson at Heston Air Park. They are seen beside the Cierva Autogyro in which they achieved a very successful flight that indicates gyroscopic 'planes have a big future

Sasha

Miss Anita Elson, the popular musical comedy actress, and her husband, Mr. Nick Princep, photographed after their wedding last week. Mr. Princep is the brother of Mr. Tony Princep, the theatrical manager and husband of Miss Margaret Bannerman

(Continued from page 100)

than the mystic prophet. The picturé is one that happens to be in our possession, or, rather, Scotland's, for it belongs to the Glasgow Art Gallery.

"Ten Nights in a Bar-room"

"Please sell no more drink to my father,
It makes him so strange and so wild,
Heed the prayer of my heart-broken mother,
And pity the poor drunkard's child."

THAT is not an excerpt from the evidence of the Drink Commission, which is pursuing its hectic investigations into the awful story of the country's thirst, but the refrain of a song sung by Miss Elsa Lanchester in the revival of that tremendous domestic drama, *Ten Nights in a Bar-room, or Ruined by Drink,* at the Gate Theatre Studio. It makes the richest of burlesque, but it seems astonishing that some thirty years ago—even less—the play was seriously accepted as an awful warning against the perils of drink, even though the producer has somewhat distorted its original form in order to make it more amusing. No doubt if drink to-day were such a menace we should not regard it as at all funny, but, alas! our present menace is that of the possibility of not being able to drink at all. If the cranks have their way, it will not be long now, I suppose, before we read of a raid upon the Athenæum, or the Reform, to see if members are lingering over the port a few minutes after the stipulated hours. If one could credit any politician to-day with such perspicuity, this Russianising of our lives might be attributed to a subtle attempt to increase migration. It is certainly one explanation of the popularity of France's pleasure resorts. However, I congratulate Sir Chartres Biron, the Senior Police Court Magistrate, on his evidence. He demolished the cranks and busybodies with supreme nonchalance and certitude.

Planet News

Baronne Margareta Palmstierna, the daughter of the Swedish Minister, and M. François de Seynes de Larlenque, after their wedding at the Swedish Church, Harcourt Street

The Tale of the Wallflower

HUNT balls and prolonged holiday house parties are still keeping many people in the country, for which, during the recent spell of sunny weather, they are to be envied. Last week reached the peak period in hunt balls, affairs to which any young man or woman invited who does not "belong" to the particular country in which it takes place, or its hunting set, is well advised to avoid. The York and Ainsty, the Pytchley, the Devon and Somerset Staghounds, and the Eridge Hunt all held their annual balls last week. Major Guy Nevill, the Eridge Master, and his wife, were unable to be at the Pump Room, Tunbridge Wells, in consequence of the death of Lady George

NEWS FROM THE CÔTE D'AZUR

Topical

Sir Christopher Furness, Bart., and his bride, Miss Violet Flower Chipchase Roberts, photographed with the bridesmaids after their wedding at St. James's Church, Hamsterley. The bride is the daughter of the late Colonel G. C. Roberts and Mrs. Roberts, of Bedburn Hall

Peter North

A recent photograph of the Duchess of Sutherland who, with the Duke, is in India for the winter. The Duchess is the niece of the eighth Earl of Lanesborough, who succeeded his brother last year

Nevill, but the Camden family, who hunt with this pack, were in full force, Lord and Lady Camden and their daughters, Lady Fiona Pratt and Lady Irene Cubitt, as well as Lord Harcourt, Lady Catherine Willoughby, Lord Dunluce, and Lady Ann Cole. Lord and Lady Camden were themselves hosts, the following night, of another ball given at their own house, Bayham Abbey. Let me quickly add, there were no wall-flowers.

At Monte

THE HON. MRS. REGINALD BROUGHAM celebrated the advent of the New Year by giving a large luncheon party at the Hôtel Mirabeau, Monte Carlo, and among her guests were the Baroness Orczy, Mrs. Ralli, Lady Eardley Wilmot, Mr. Pulston, Mr. Buckley Johnson, Sir W. and Lady Yarworth Jones, and Lady Sharman, a cheery function which all her guests enjoyed.

The New Year on the Riviera

IT was very difficult to decide where to spend New Year's Eve, as both Monte Carlo and Cannes had such attractive evening programmes, writes our Riviera correspondent, but I eventually compromised by dining at the Ambassadeurs, Monte Carlo, where I saw a great many people I knew, and amongst them Lord Cecil and Lady Douglas, Lady Eva Dugdale, Lady Byrne, and Countess de Bombel, and then motored over in a fast car by the beautiful Lower Corniche road to Cannes, arriving just half an hour before midnight.

The Ambassadeurs was packed, and if we had not secured our table we should have had no chance of getting in, as people were turned away before the gala commenced.

On the Dance Floor

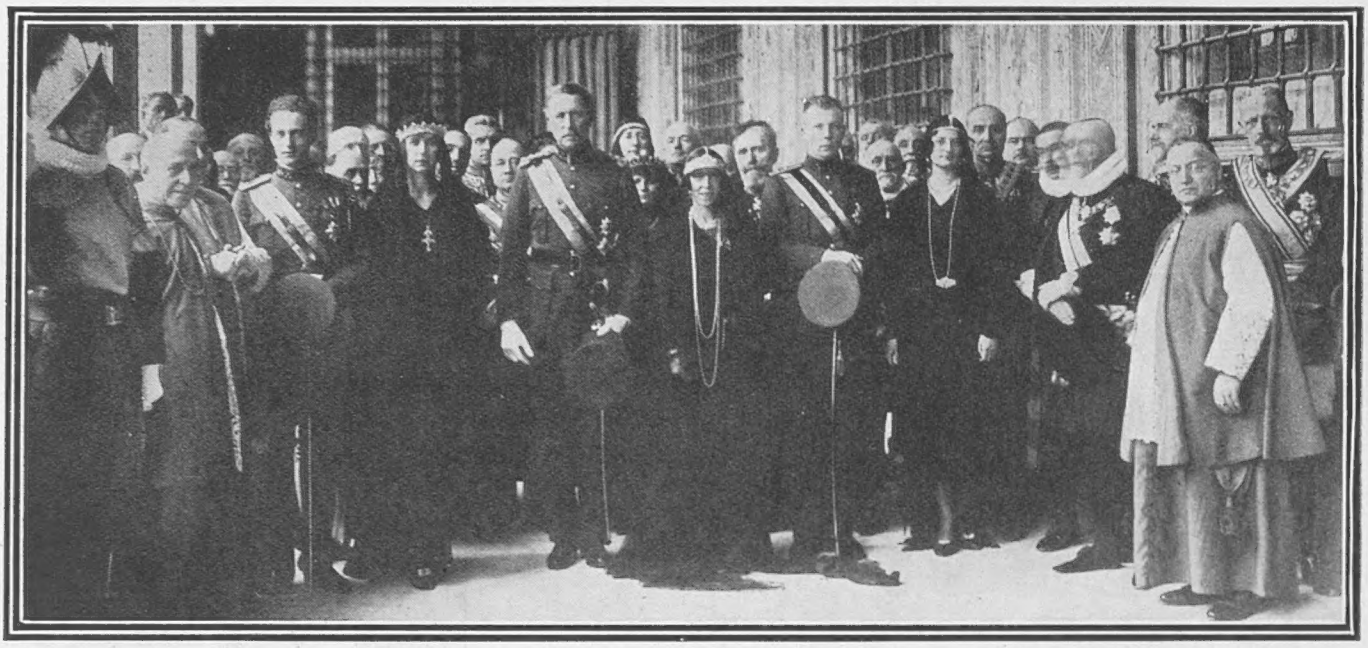
M. DOMERGUE, looking very original with his quaintly cut

Central News

THE HOBBY OF THE HOUR

The Duchess of Roxburghe filming a meet of the Duke of Buccleuch's Hounds at the Duke's seat, Floors Castle, Kelso. Next to her is her son, the Marquess of Bowmont, the heir to the Dukedom

THE ITALIAN ROYAL WEDDING



Sport and General

Members of the Belgian Royal Family photographed at the Vatican before being received in audience by the Pope. His Holiness received his visitors in the Sala del Tronetto, the audience lasting about twenty minutes

black beard, was receiving many congratulations, and indeed the decorations were wonderful, being all in vivid scarlet and electric blue (a combination extremely becoming to all the women present, which needless to say spells success).

The Solly Joels, as usual, had a big party, and I saw Major and Mrs. Lyons taking in the Grahame Whites to supper. Mrs. Grahame White (Miss Ethel Levey that was) had a really lovely mist-grey velvet and chinchilla cloak over a grey frock, and looked very happy and handsome.

Central Press

A huge block of marble from an Italian quarry drawn by six oxen was one of the striking sights in the procession of peasants from different parts of the country which was one of the main features of the wedding celebrations. The streets of Rome were thronged with enthusiastic crowds

A Striking Cloak

THE Ranée of Pudukkotta was one of the few women who were not cloaked in ermine, for there seemed a regular snowstorm of marvellous ermine wraps. The Ranée's great sable cloak was the most sumptuous thing I have ever seen, and she had her hair done in some new way, with tiny curls at the back of the neck which suited her perfectly. She is ever so much thinner than she was in the summer, and looks handsomer than ever.

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

There have been exceptionally big fields, and new comers to the game have shown such promise as jumpers that we can confidently anticipate some excellent sport before the Grand National.

Here are some likely winners in the near future.

BLACK MINSTREL. The knowing ones who had been waiting for a gamble at Birmingham were disappointed when the "Minstrel" could not put in an appearance. Bear him in mind, because I have heard excellent reports of his work in private.

SUCKLEY. There was inspired money for this horse at Birmingham, and he put up an excellent performance on this dead galloping track to finish second. Success usually comes to horses that show up well at Birmingham.

ON AVON. This son of Stratford put up a fine show over a mile and a half against Cadurcis at Kempton Park. He is one of the new hurdlers to keep on the right side.

COLENSO. Has been highly spoken of and was backed last time out and made favourite at Kempton. Fell when going strongly over the same course (one and a half miles). Was fifth at the end of November.

VOLTA'S PRIDE. W. Nightingall's charge was well fancied and was made favourite at Gatwick, but failed by three lengths and one and a half lengths. Will pay to follow.

NESTORIAN. Is running into winning form. Over two miles at Birmingham he was beaten by Baron John. In his previous race was placed fourth.

SCENES IN THE "ETERNAL CITY"

The Crown Prince of Italy and his bride receiving gifts from peasants wearing native dress, who took part in the great procession through Rome. The bridal couple are seen on the dais specially erected before the Quirinal Palace

Planet News

New Night Clubs

IT is interesting that both the new night clubs which are having such a big success this season on the Riviera should be built, the one under the Sporting Club at Monte Carlo, and the other, Brummell's, under the Ambassadeurs Restaurant at Cannes.

This is just the perfect place to take an early breakfast, or a late supper, after the strain and excitement of the gambling tables, as the room is very cosy, with seems just right at that hour of the morning.

Central News

THE ROYAL BRIDE

Princess Marie José of Belgium, whose wedding to Prince Umberto of Italy was the occasion of national rejoicings. The Princess, who is twenty-five years old, is a great favourite with the people of Italy and her charm captivated the inhabitants of her new country

Keystone

ON THE ALTAR STEPS

Prince Umberto, the Crown Prince of Italy, and Princess Marie José of Belgium descending the altar steps after their wedding. The religious ceremony, which took place in the Paolini Chapel, was remarkably colourful and dignified

THE FINAL TRIAL MATCH AT TWICKENHAM.

Malir, an England threequarter, passing when tackled. The combination of the English threes has seldom been surpassed in a trial game

One of the few occasions when the Rest got away, but the player is tackled by Spong, whose play was a feature of the match

NEW BLOOD: WILL ENGLAND BEAT WALES?

THE Rugby Union selectors, after scouring the whole country, and bringing, in their opinion, the best thirty players to Twickenham to fight out the trial match preparatory to picking the team against Wales, proceeded to do so, and, as usual, have been criticised for their choice.

But then the English selectors always *are* criticised—by Englishmen! If they want praise for their annual thankless task they must look to a Welshman for it—as witness Rowe Harding's eulogies in his lately published book on Rugby football!

I BELIEVE myself that the result of the trial match was not only something of a surprise, but also something of a disappointment. It may sound paradoxical, but the easy victory which England secured against the Rest was, in a way, disconcerting; and prolific scoring by the white jerseys in the first half made it appear as if there was but a feeble defence by the Rest. That the England fifteen, which is almost identical with that played at Twickenham, will score against Wales next Saturday in such light-hearted fashion is out of the question, but I have hopes that the thrust and dash of the English centres will cause the Welsh defence some trouble.

If Sobey is well served by his forwards and is given the ball from the scrum, the Spong, Malir, Robson combination should not only be able to do some attacking themselves but also draw the defence sufficiently to give Reeve and Jacob on the wings a chance of scoring, for both are fast. Reeve, too, like the halves and centres, is a good defensive player, and A. L Novis in the trial match was never once able to pass him in the first half when they were in opposition.

AS for Askew at full back, my only fear is that, being liable to injury, he may get in the wars early in the proceedings, but it is only thus that this "fifth threequarter" on occasions is likely to let his side down.

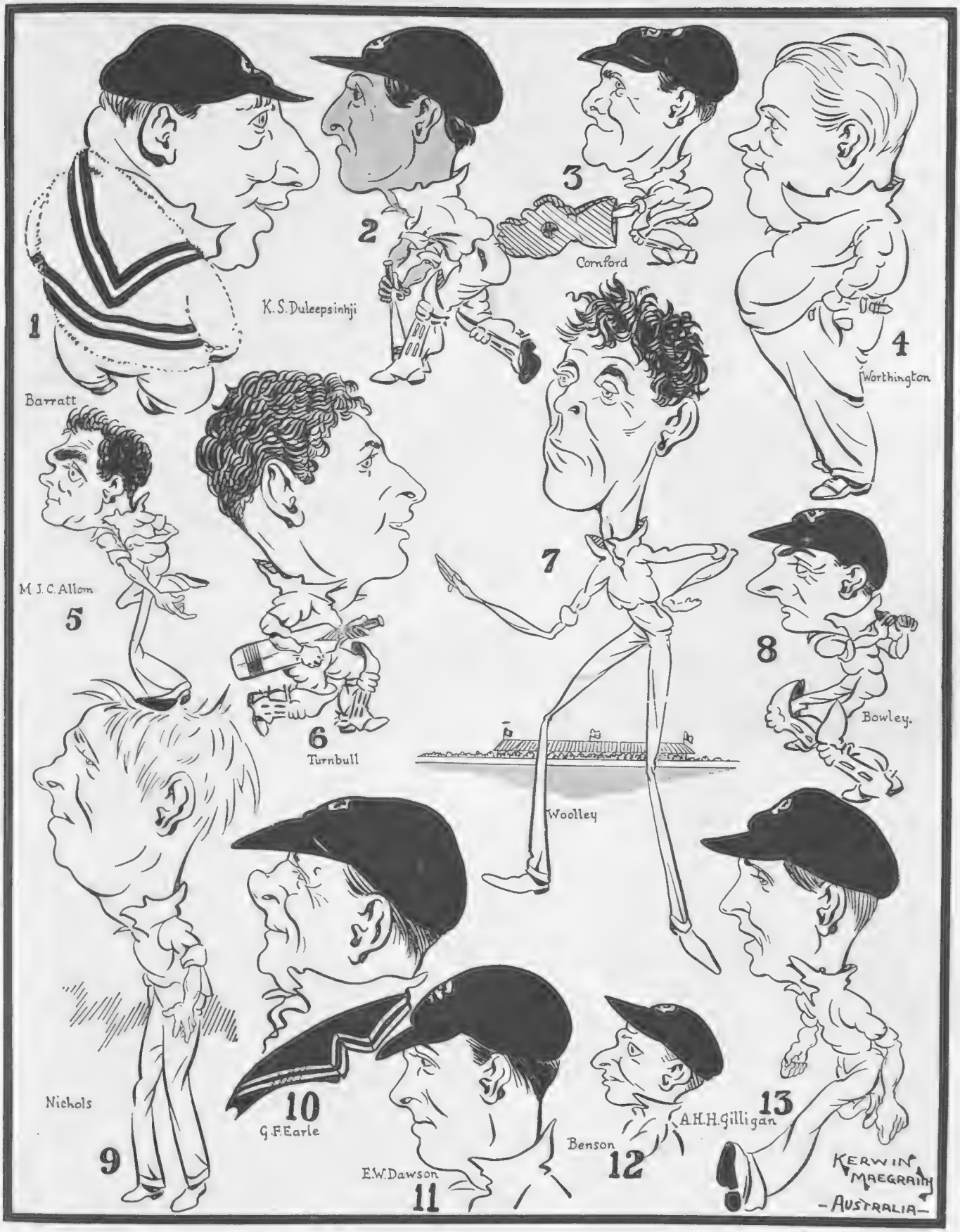
We have been regaled with the news that Wales is really strong this year both fore and aft, and the heavy scoring by the Probables in the Welsh trial match seems to indicate that this may be so, and not merely a rumour to create an atmosphere to put the "fear of Wales" into the opposition—a little dodge which has been used more than once by Rugby "fans" in the Principality.

IT looks as if everything will depend upon the packs, and between the two there should be a battle royal. There may be enough Welsh policemen in the scrum to arrest England's progress, but the English Selection Committee have assuredly found a better team than was ever expected earlier in the season; and, with the asset of youth on its side, if the game is played on a ground which does not resemble a mud-heap, it should do well, and in Black we have got a forward who can kick goals.

WERE this match to be played at Twickenham I would wager a shade of odds on the Rose, but the atmosphere of Cardiff Arms Park often appears to have a paralysing influence on visiting teams, especially English ones. Our hopes have so often been buried in the mud of this famous Welsh ground that he would indeed be a bold Englishman who would regard the issue with supreme confidence.

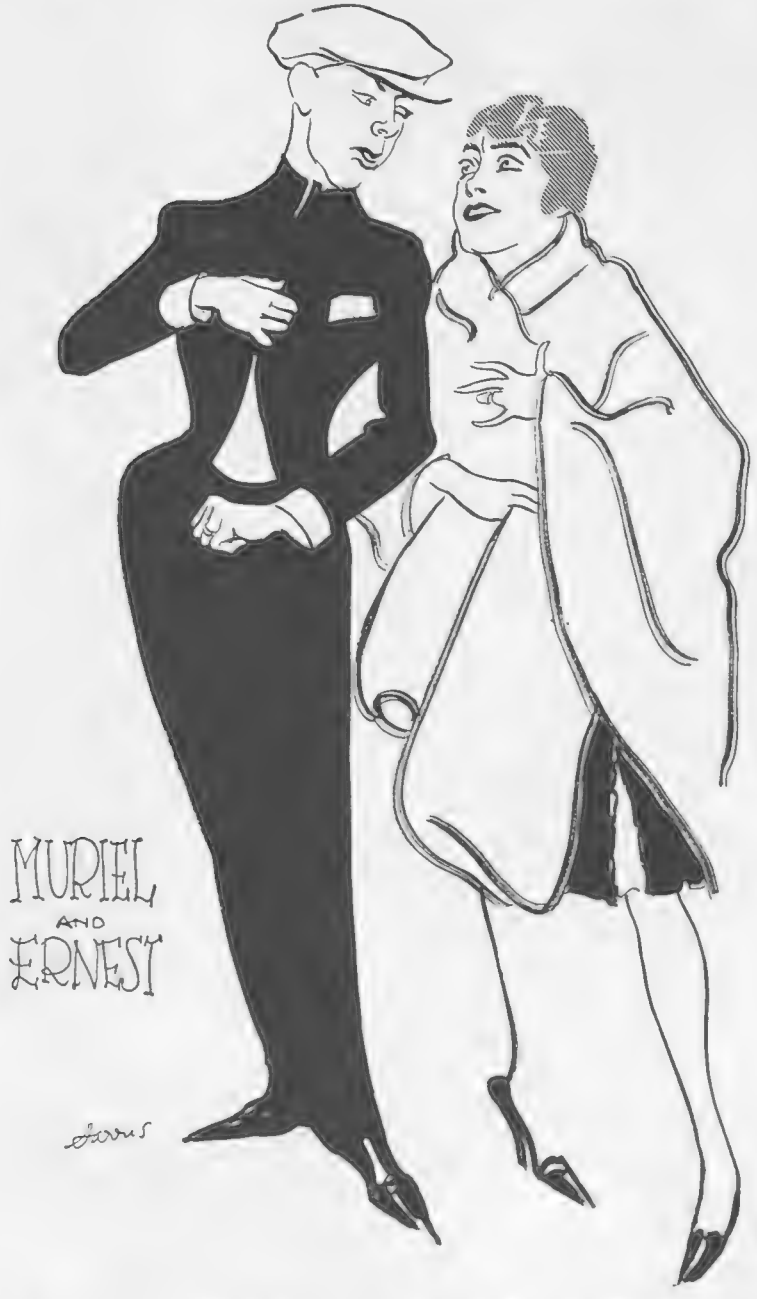
Photograph *Sport and General*

An attempt at interception by the Rest. Butler passes to Spong



Some leading members of the M.C.C. team which, even if not invariably successful, is not going under "Down Under." They have been caught out by the Australian caricaturist, Kerwin Maegrath, whose pictorial score is seen above. They met the New Zealand XI in a match which started on January 10

A NOTE ABOUT MUSIC-HALLS



Muriel George and Ernest Butcher, the clever pair of singers, in all probability caught by the artist when resuscitating some old and fascinating duet discovered on Ilkley Moor

THE music-hall as it used to be has ceased to exist, and in its place we have theatres of variety. When I was *very* young the music-hall was not considered "quite nice." That is putting it mildly. Nowadays a variety theatre is a synonym for respectability. If pater-familias wishes to take his young daughter to an entertainment which will not, as I once heard remarked, "put ideas into her head"—which, incidentally, are already there—he will find it much safer to take her to the Coliseum than to almost any theatre.

PERSONALLY, I regret this, possessing as I do a mind which is not easily shocked; but seldom in these times do we hear on the variety stage any humour which can be called Rabelaisian. There is no Marie Lloyd nowadays who can indicate unutterable things with the flicker of an eyelid. In place of her we have Dora Maughan, who, because she dared to sing a racy song at the Alhambra—now no longer a music-hall—incurred the deep displeasure of Sir Oswald Stoll, whose motto is, or should be, "Keep it clean." And some of the funniest music-hall performers of the present day *do* keep it clean. I should hesitate to say how often I have seen Nervo and Knox, who as futile conjurers have lately given us something new in the way of a turn. This is undeniably funny, but I should feel aggrieved, although I have seen it many times, if they did not also give their brilliant burlesque of a Russian ballet and their slow-motion wrestling act.

ANOTHER music-hall artist—I decline to add the final, contemptuous E—is Will Hay. I have never seen him except as a schoolmaster, and I never wish to see him in any other rôle. I am sure he could be funny in other parts, but his name on the bill always acts as a magnet to me. To observe him getting more and more tangled up in his answers and made to appear foolish by his pupils, including, for no earthly reason that I can see, a doddering grandpapa, affords me endless enjoyment. Will Hay "goes down" in cabaret as well as he does on the variety stage, where many music-hall stars are not seen at their best. Also, it may be added, many cabaret performers fail miserably when facing the footlights, as witness that singer of risky comic songs—but I will be discreet.

MENTION of cabaret reminds me that some of the most popular variety turns nowadays are

Nervo and Knox—"which was which we never could make out" production

Will Hay, the schoolmaster very much at home, eyes his annoying pupils with the pupils of his eyes

in their Russian Ballet act, preferred by some to any other Russian excepting Tchekov

By Vernon Woodhouse

Caricatures by H. H. HARRIS

dance bands. This is a modern innovation which I cannot imagine being featured in the music-halls of say, thirty years ago. Personally, such turns leave me cold. If an audience could get up and dance to these syncopated tunes I could understand their popularity, but to have to sit still and listen to them is quite another matter. The orchestra which will shortly appear at the Coliseum under the leadership of Sir Henry Wood is altogether different, for I cannot see him conducting with his hands and feet an orchestra producing weird noises from instruments sometimes muffled with golden "bowlers"!

S

BUT a turn which I always enjoy hearing is the old songs sung by Muriel George and Ernest Butcher. I have liked Muriel George ever since she first sang "The Big Bamboo" and "My Moon" in the famous Follies. What she and her husband sing nowadays are songs older than that, but I wish, one day, they could see their way to include these songs in their turn, and —if two could sing them!—the smoking and the beverage quartettes, which were some of the prettiest music Harry Pélissier ever wrote. With the craze for old songs so pronounced it surprises me that Pélissier's music —and it *is* music —is so utterly neglected.

S

FINALLY, I come to Mr. Billy Bennett, who, as he describes himself as almost a gentleman, can raise no objection to my saying that his turn is not "out of the top drawer." There is, in fact, no Lincoln and Bennett about him. He reminds me, more than any other single turn, of the comedian of past days. His method and his broad patter would have delighted audiences of thirty years ago, just as he delights Palladium audiences today. I wish there were more performers who recalled the past! Were they in greater numbers, the modern theatre of variety need never fear lack of constant patronage. V. W.

Billy Bennett, the glass of fashion and the mould of form, indulging in a mock-heroic recitation, where, it is hoped, none of his remarks is liable to misconstruction

Above: The Hon. Mrs. John Gretton, Colonel John Gretton, M.P., and Capt. Rollo. They are seen at a meet of the Cottesmore at Stapleford Park

Capt. Rollo lends a little assistance in fastening Lady Blandford's glove at the meet of the Cottesmore at Stapleford Park

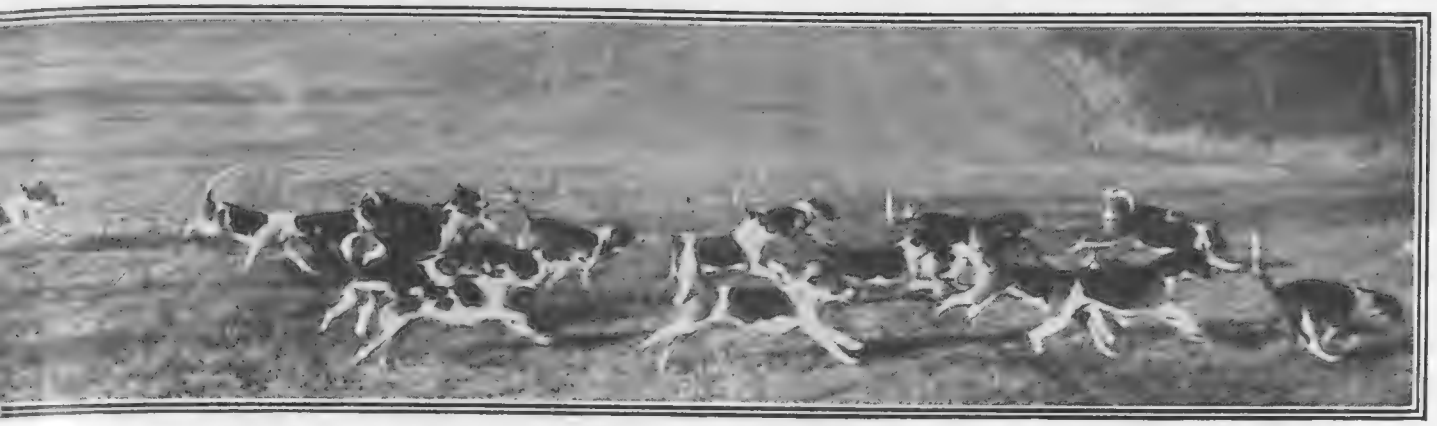
YOICKS!

Below: More personalities at Stapleford Park. Colonel George Green, M.F.H., is seen chatting with Mrs. Hornby

The Hon. Mrs. Gilbert Greenall at a recent meet of the Quorn. It was held at Queenby Hall

JOGGING OFF TO THE

The large field moving off at a meet of the Grafton. The ... near Towcester.



YOICKS!

Hounds in full cry during a run of the South Oxfordshire. The fox, which is only a few yards ahead of hounds, went to earth shortly after the photograph was taken

COVERT

photograph was taken in Blakes'cy Village, the field moved off

Above: Claudia Burgoyne, the daughter of the Master of the Wylye Valley Foxhounds, Mrs. Clarice Burgoyne, M.F.H., enjoys a very mild stirrup cup at the Children's Meet. It was held at Heytesbury House

Left: Lady Massereene at the meet of the H.H. Hounds at Lasham. She is seen on one of Sir John Leigh's hunters

Below: The field of the Old Surrey and Burstow Hounds moving off at a recent meet. In the background is Ardenrun, the home of Capt. Woolf Barnato

ARE YOU STARRED?

IN the three photographs of sporting and social events reproduced on this page are five persons selected haphazard round whose head a star has been placed. The Editor will have great pleasure in sending to each of these a guinea, as the penalty of being "starred," if they will kindly send him their names and addresses. Their identity should be verified by two friends, who need only sign the application and give their addresses

Sport and General

Above: A group watching the recent Prestbury Hunter Trials. They were held at Lake House, near Cheltenham

Central News

Right: A meet of the Airedale Beagles at Bramhope Hall, near Oxhey, the residence of Colonel J. A. Paul, seen in the centre of the group. The Master, Mr. Dawson Jowett, is standing on the left

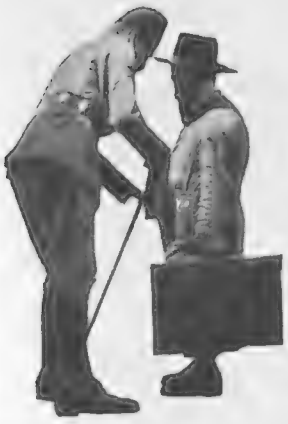
THE SEASON OF COUNTY BALLS

Topical

A cheery group of dancers at the Cornwall County Ball. It took place in the City Hall, Truro, three hundred dancers being present

THE PALESTINE HOAX

By "KIM"



Searching a Jew for arms

WHY did Lord Balfour, on November 17, 1917, when in charge of the Foreign Office, find himself impelled (or compelled) to announce that the Government of that day "view with favour the establishment in Palestine of a National Home for the Jewish people," and so set to work to establish Jews, largely of Bolshevik ideas, the riff-raff of Russia and the Levant, in that already arid land? Which, let me add, was not Britain's to give away either to Jew or Gentile.

IT has always been a mystery. By whose authority did Lord Balfour dictate so arbitrary, even so tyrannical, a step? Why should he have had the temerity to commit the British people to a policy actually against our Arab friends to whom we had previously given a sacred pledge (known as the M'Mahon Pledge of 1915), to reconstitute and restore Arab influence and authority in the conquered provinces, whereby they fought and died by our side against the Turk? What lay behind it? Was it to buy the support of International Judaism? Was it perchance to gratify a whim of the Rothschilds, or, as the Arabs think, of the Monds? Whatever the cause which influenced his lordship it has been an utter failure, and has cost the taxpayer great sums of money with the only result of alienating the Arabs and leading to a situation fraught with danger. A British mandate the Arabs welcome, but they refuse to be controlled by the Zionist organisation, which they contend is ruling behind the scenes with the aid of British bayonets. They say they are being exploited in their commercial assets, such as the giving of the Dead Sea concession to a Zionist, the Rutenberg electric concession, and so forth.

THEY say that they are not represented in the administration of their country, although they form an overwhelming proportion of the population; that 30,000 native-born Arabs, temporarily absent from their country, have been deprived of their nationality, which is freely granted to Russian and other alien Jews who enter. The present Socialist Government, though not responsible for Lord Balfour's action, continue the Mandate and the existing system, and, with one thing or another, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald may find himself in a fine fix if another outbreak occurs, as it may do at any moment. The attitude of the Zionist counsel, Mr. Boyd Merriman, the well-known K.C., towards the Grand Mufti has roused them to intense indignation, and, with one thing or another, if the Party of Pacifism suddenly find a pretty little bit of trouble on their hands in Palestine as well as in India and Egypt, the whole East may be plunged into a furore and the whole Mohammedan world changed from friend to foe by Lord Balfour's strange, and certainly unconstitutional, freak.

THE ELECTRIFICATION OF JERUSALEM

The Rutenberg concession aroused fierce criticism. Here are electric cables being carried through the Damascus Gate

Photographs *Wide World*

An Arab conference protesting against the Wailing Wall Riots and the Balfour Declaration. Arabs came from Iraq, Tunis, Transjordan, Syria and India to take part in it

THE SITE OF THE HOLY LAND

OF course, when he carried through this comic act of "statecraft" he believed, like most persons, that Palestine was the original home of the Jews, and that in reinstating them he became the Instrument of Heaven, thus fulfilling a Bible prophecy. Our elder statesmen are often so simple of belief, and most of them, I fear, are vain enough for anything. Yes, despite Lord Balfour's Philosophical Doubt over other matters, he was quite capable of fancying himself the said Instrument of Heaven in handing over Palestine as the "National Home for the Jews"; but it is a pity that before he did so he did not set up some committee of inquiry to make sure that the country we call Palestine was the original Holy Land, because it is no very new thing to say

THE CITADEL OF ZION

The question raised in the accompanying article is whether this was the original Zion or Jerusalem

that many learned persons have had very serious doubts on the subject.

S

SUPPOSE there is a mistake somewhere? Suppose that long ago the Romans, for political reasons, deliberately set to work to lay a false trail so that the inquisitive who wished to furrow into the Holy Land, and possibly learn more than was good for them, might be led on a wild goose chase? A friend of mine, who has made this subject his study for a great many years, has pointed out to me that many of the Roman Emperors after the time of Hadrian set to work to destroy an enormous number of pagan relics, as

THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE

The site of this is warmly disputed

well as the works of nearly all the great heathen writers and historians, and that we only have remnants of the works of most of them, and those lost works, curiously enough, were always missing where important researches might have resulted. We know quite well that enormous quantities of ancient philosophic works were committed to the flames by the Romans.

THIS friend of mine, who knows his Palestine very well, bluntly calls it a hoax. The most ancient remains, says he, were at best late Roman, and there is no single authentic inscription anywhere of the Israelites or any records or trace of the Hebrew Patriarchs. The earliest certain remains are those of the Crusaders, who in those days were not in the position to be

(Continued on page 130)

Photographs Wide World

THE WAILING WALL

This wall is one of the main bones of contention between Arab and Jew. The Arabs claim it as theirs, and the Jews, who are paid "Halakon Money" to wail, contend that it is part of Herod's Temple. Archæologists say that it was built by the Crusaders

BY PUYS

"And have you any opportunities for advancement, young man?"
"Rather! There's nobody below me but the office boy!"

if gossip

Stage Photo Co.

THE PERENNIAL MIRTHMAKER

Plays may come and plays may go, but "Charley's Aunt" goes on for ever, and this season it is at Daly's Theatre. Above are seen Richard Cooper as Lord Fancourt Babberley, alias Charley's Aunt, with Joyce Wodeman, Gladys Miller and Helen Vayne

WHETHER or no Lord Rothermere will have "signed along the dotted line" and become an out-and-out Imperial Crusader by the time these lines appear in print I am not going to venture to predict. But the banquet at which Lords Rothermere and Beaverbrook met and said nice things about each other I delight in regarding as a cheering omen.

LORD ROTHERMERE, in his armour of *Daily Mail*, would indeed be a mighty recruit in the cause of Empire preference—though "ally" rather than "recruit" is, perhaps, the better word. As he said of himself and his friendly rival, "We are running on parallel lines, each determined if he can to bring back prosperity to Britain. There is no difficulty in dovetailing his programme into mine." And you can take it from this that, even if Lord Beaverbrook and Lord Rothermere do not stand in perfect alignment over the former's scheme, they will do their joint best, and a mighty powerful best it will be, to lift this country out of the industrial mess it is in at the present moment, and to rescue it from the dangerous muddlers (however well-intentioned some of them may be) who are now sitting, somewhat precariously, in the saddle.

Star Photo

Lady Mary Graham as she appeared as Mary Queen of Scots in the historical tableaux held in the Porteus Hall, Crieff, in aid of the District Nursing Association. She is the elder daughter of the Duke of Montrose

IT is very certain that these two gigantic, if uncomfortably outspoken, friends of the Conservatives will give the Conservative Party the deuce of a shaking up before they have done with it. If they shake the life out of it they will breathe life into a new party to take its place, whatever label that party may bear. Baldwinism, in the sense of pale pink Socialism, discouragement of youth in the ranks, local snobbery, risky sentimentality, and suicidal staff-work at election times must go. If it does not, Socialism may be in Office, and in power too, for a couple of decades. Political amalgamation of far-reaching newspaper interests, verging towards government by the Press, may terrify some people. It does not terrify me in this case, nor need it terrify anybody who realises that desperate ills require drastic remedies.

SOME railway officials can, and do, inflict torture on hapless travellers. Perhaps they act on the instructions of more highly placed torturers. I only know that they do torture. I have just had occasion to travel by night from a large city in the North of England in a train that took nearly six hours over the journey, had no "sleepers," and stopped at most stations. A silly thing to do, perhaps. But it was the only one that fitted in. What I have to complain about is that between the station at which I was ass enough to embark and the London terminus tickets were clipped and inspected five times. Just as I managed to drop off to sleep in popped a fiend in uniform, damnably civil, shook me gently by the shoulder, and demanded to see a ticket. Why should this be necessary? Do people board a train in motion at 2.30 a.m. in the remote wilds of Yorkshire or Nottinghamshire? If this is the way the railways put up a fight with the motor coaches I don't think much of it.

'I would never tell Rita
"Why, does she tel
"No, that's the trouble

I WAS fortunate enough to meet, on his 78th birthday, the other night Mr. Richard Marsh, the famous trainer. We were members of a supper-party at the May Fair Hotel, which Seymour Hicks, Ellaline Terriss, and Freddy Lonsdale also attended. How few men can attend wildly carnivalesque supper-parties—paper hats, toys, shrieking saxophones, champagne, soda-mint tablets, cavaire, and all that sort of thing—when they are 78! Yet Mr. Marsh looked as fresh as a two-year-old as the small hours grew larger, and is surely one of the handsomest old gentlemen in the country. His memories of King Edward are many

we must

and intimate, and his study at Newmarket is full of the most interesting gifts from Royal personages. But he is, of course, discretion itself. What he has thought fit to reveal he did reveal a few years ago in his book, "A Trainer to Two Kings." I only hope I shall be present at Mr. Marsh's 88th birthday - party, for I am perfectly sure it will take place.

By Chicot

secret"
veryone?"
he never tells a soul!"

By Leslie Butler

"Now, Maggie, tell me why put a hyphen in 'bird-cage'?"
"Please, Miss Dawson, for the bird to sit on!"

S

THE opera season at the Scala Theatre struck me as a good opportunity of which not the most was made. It was a plucky thing to dig up obscure operas of the 17th and early 18th centuries. But they were not performed as well as they should have been. Enthusiasm was there, but enthusiasm is not enough. With some notable exceptions the singing was poor and the production inadequate. This, in my opinion, is what accounted for some depressing rows of empty seats, and not to the fact that the music was archaic. All London flocked to far-off Hammersmith for years to listen to the ancient *Beggars' Opera*, and other contemporary works were well supported. That was because they were well done.

The young men from Oxford who were largely responsible for this enterprise are to be applauded for their courage and hard work, and I hope they will try again. But it is not doing either them or opera generally a good service to be blind to their faults and to load them with extravagant praise. One musical critic has declaimed that this season had more merit in it than all the performances that have taken place at Covent Garden for years past. Which is fatuous and untruthful piffle.

S

AFTER the private entertaining of the festive season the restaurants are doing well again. Soso's is packed for lunch daily, and his Zigzag Room, a new feature, is much patronised. Sovrani's, with its bear steak, is a successful rival t'other side of Piccadilly. I do not like bear steak. It is like venison, and I do not like venison. But I do like Sovrani's. A few nights ago I paid my first visit to Bellometti's, with the genial Captain Buckmaster, who, as the founder and presiding genius of Buck's Club, ought to know what good food is, and does. I agreed with my mentor and enjoyed myself for many reasons, not the least being because the music was not—tyrannical. I am so tired of places where the leader of the band, Hungarian, Roumanian, Swiss or Mile End Road, hovers on his opening violin note until there is dead silence, and scowls at anyone indiscreet enough to eat.

S

IT is to be hoped that when Parliament reassembles Mr. Tom Johnston, Under-Secre-

Photopress

Miss Peggy O'Neil, who is playing in "Batchelor Fathers," at the Garrick. She recently entered the lions' den at the Zoo and gave one of the cubs a cocktail. The result on the cub is seen above!

MARIKA ROKK

The clever Oriental dancer who has been appearing at the Kit-Cat Restaurant. Her grace and her lithe movements have won her great admiration

THE LABOUR GOVERNMENT AND THE FISHERMEN

Stage Photo Co.

Adrienne Brune as Angelica does her best to coax the King (Lawrence Bascomb) in an amusing scene from "The Rose and the Ring." This dramatised version of Thackeray's fairy story is playing at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith

tary for Scotland, will be called upon to explain a rather remarkable speech of his. If his words mean what I do not doubt that they do mean, here is a piece of Socialist mouthing that surpasses, in its quietly pernicious way, anything I have ever heard uttered even by members of the present Government. Some Scottish fishermen had lost their gear in the gales and the Government declined to compensate them. There is nothing wrong in this refusal, but there is something grossly wrong in what Mr. Johnston declares to have prompted that refusal. "There is no area," he said, "where the large proportion of voters were fishermen that had given the Labour Government a vote." That is clear enough, isn't it? Vote Socialist and the Government will come to the rescue of whatever industry happens to be yours. Don't vote Socialist, and it won't. That will "larn" you to vote Socialist the next time.

THAT I have placed no unfair interpretation on Mr. Johnston's words is proved by his next gem in the same speech. "The Scottish Co-operative Society," he said, "had, however, entered into the net industry, a fact of which the Government would take friendly notice." There has never been a more glaring case of political bribery. And the irony of the position is that the money that would accrue to Scottish fishermen as a reward for having voted Labour would, of course, come from the pockets of the taxpayers. Since the vast majority of the revenue is contributed by people who loathe the very name of Socialism, they will have the pleasure of paying people to vote for their political opponents. Thank you, Mr. Tom Johnston, Under-Secretary in "the only honest Government the country has ever had" (*vide* Labour Press).

By Starr Wood

"Have I time to say good-bye to my husband?"
"It all depends, lady. How long have you been married?"

DINER (*in Soho restaurant*): "And what do yo
PROPRIETOR: "I 'ave myself been one a so lon

YOUNG Lord Brougham, immensely tall and slim, is to be congratulated on his engagement to the beautiful Miss Plunket. He is an amiable youth and I trust he will not forget to turn up, through sheer absent-mindedness, for the wedding ceremony. I mention this because the first and last time I met him, just about a year ago, was on the quay at Folkestone, where he was in some agitation because he had forgotten his passport. The position was peculiarly unfortunate, since he was a member of a party of

THE PASSPORT THAT WENT ASTRAY

By Treyer Evans

think of the Italian masters, Signor Giacomo?"
time that I 'ave almos' forgot!"

notables who were off to Cannes for some Entente Cordiale celebrations, one of which was the laying of wreaths at the foot of the statue of the great Lord Brougham who more or less founded Cannes. Lord Brougham was down on the list of fixtures to make a speech about his ancestor, the glories of Cannes, and the advantages of Anglo-French friendship. But—there was no passport. So his lordship did not reach Cannes at all. Perhaps Lord Brougham *wasn't* so very absent-minded in this respect after all. But that, I hasten to add, is only put down as the very vaguest of possibilities.

SHE NEILS TO CONQUER

Miss Peggy O'Neil recently entered the lions' den at the Zoo, fondled the lions and gave one of the cubs a cocktail.

LET other actresses complain
Their jewels have been "pinched"
Or work some other story [again,
That dulls the unresponsive ear
Of patient readers year by year
In manner old and hoary—
Whilst they for public mention beg,
O'Neil will take them down a Peg.

For she alone has found in the
Zoological Society
A use that's missed by others,
When, Daniel-like, she braves the cage
Where tawny monsters roar and rage,
And Kings of Beasts she smothers
With fond embraces, whilst their cubs
She treats to well-iced Clover Clubs.

Yes, Peggy, you have blazed a trail
That well may make your rivals quail
And set their hopes a-falling,
For though publicity is nice
It can be at too big a price
If it entails a mauling,
And many players, I aver,
Are prone to animal-de-mer!

B. W.

CAPTAIN HENRY BROUGHAM, Lord Brougham's father, I knew well. He never succeeded to the title, into which the present peer stepped on the death of his grandfather. Henry Brougham, known to all his friends as "Boy" Brougham, was a gallant soldier, a typical Guards officer, and was devoted to music, of which he was an excellent judge. He was most immaculate in his dress, and was the only man I ever met who who had his shoelaces ironed out regularly every morning.

ANNA MAY WONG E.N.A.

The clever Oriental film star, who is busy working in a talkie at Elstree for British International Pictures. As German will be heard in this film as well as English, she recently visited Germany to learn that language

"AMURATH to Amurath succeeds." "T.P." has gone, but J. A. Hammerton is still with us, and was a bit of an Amurath on his own account thirty or more years ago when that genial and well-loved Irishman was still in vigorous middle-age.

MR. J. A. HAMMERTON

"J. A. H.," who has done remarkably well and has made a big name for himself outside the fold, is returning to it. His witty pen and sound commonsense in literary matters were an asset to a youthful BYSTANDER, for his work can be found in the very first issue, as well as in many succeeding ones. He is now coming back to us to write, not so much as a staid literary critic (well though he can figure in that rôle), but rather as a light commentator on the authors who interest him and of whom he will have something interesting to tell our readers.

HAMMERTON has the broad views that only long experience can give. He began writing literary causeries—he is a pukka Scot—in Glasgow forty years ago, and has written a critical biography of, among other celebrities, Sir James Barrie, of whose genius he can express his appreciation without the boot-licking that so many Scots hand out to the author of *Rosy Rapture*. I fancy the note he will strike will be one of defence of the sterling merits of the pre-War writers against the perfervid advocates of the latter-day lads and lasses of the pen—but in no sense inclining to old fogeyism. I think the last part of that sentence is awfully clever, don't you? But, then, "J. A. H." himself wrote it. So now you know what to expect.

Next week Mr. J. A. Hammerton will contribute an article under the heading of "The Literary Show"

FILM NOTES

A BRITISH MASTERPIECE

By Lionel Collier

The Paycock (Edward Chapman) sees if he approves of his daughter's rich young lover who brings news to the family of an inheritance. A typical scene in "Juno and the Paycock," a British International film to be seen at the Alhambra shortly

Old friends have a slight argument. Joxey (Sidney Morgan) and Captain Boyle, the Paycock, in "Juno and the Paycock," a British International film directed by Alfred Hitchcock

At first glance Sean O'Casey's play, *Juno and the Paycock*, does not appear to be ideal material for screen purposes; it relies so much on dialogue and so little on action. For this reason Alfred Hitchcock is to be congratulated all the more for the entertaining and gripping film he has made of it.

What is at once noticeable is the way he has avoided giving a replica of the stage play and used his camera to dispel any idea of theatrical convention. This is most noteworthy in scenes where, while conversation is carried on, the camera concentrates on the effect of it on a third party which it concerns. It may be said that he has focused attention on the person who at the moment is the most important, irrespective of whether he is taking part in the conversation or not.

This is a very creditable step forward in combining the techniques of the silent and sound films, and its effectiveness has only to be seen in this picture to prove its worth.

The story itself, set as it is during the Irish Civil War, is very grim in atmosphere, but it is essentially convincing all the time; the humour, irony and tragedy being enhanced by the fidelity and realism of this background.

The film brings out the shiftless nature of an Irishman's character in conjunction with the tragedy that the Civil War brings to various characters; incidentally, it is entirely ironic, showing the uselessness of it all without trying to find an excuse or a remedy. The Paycock, a retired sea-captain, is admirably introduced, making a conciliatory "stump" speech. Then comes the news that he has been left money, and the humour becomes very clever.

It is particularly gratifying to the "Bystander," which has always made a point of championing British pictures that deserve it, to notice the definite successes they are now scoring here and abroad. Such films as "Juno and the Paycock," "Atlantic" and "Splinters" may be taken as very happy omens for the future

Up to this point there has only been the slightest indication of tragedy—except for the occasional rattle of machine guns—in the silent figure of the Paycock's son. It is not yet explained that he has informed on a friend who has subsequently been murdered, but his furtive looks and demeanour suggest tragedy amidst the humour. All these various emotions are beautifully timed, and there is a smoothness about the continuity that is rare in talking pictures

Events here become more rapid, moving inevitably to a fine dramatic climax, admirably carried off by Sara Allgood as Juno, the captain's wife. By this time disaster is in full flood; the inheritance has been filched by the lawyer, who has also seduced the Paycock's daughter. The final blow is the shooting of the son by Republicans, who have discovered that he is an informer

Sara Allgood's scene is where she is left alone in a bare room—everything having been seized by the creditors—and indulges in a paroxysm of grief. Hitchcock handles this situation most effectively, following her with the camera as she walks out to go and identify her son's dead body. This should really be the end of the picture, as we know that the Paycock is out getting drunk; there is no necessity, therefore, for the over-played scene which follows showing how drunk he is.

Apart from that fault the construction throughout is admirable, finely photographed, and a real credit

(*Continued on page 122*)

MISS KATHLEEN O'REGAN

The beautiful Irish actress playing lead in the British International talkie film, "Juno and the Paycock," which follows "Atlantic" at the Alhambra. Miss O'Regan plays the same part in this film as she did in the stage version of the play

LONGFELLOW, DOLORES, AND A THEME SONG

Ronald Colman and Ann Harding in "Condemned," a Goldwyn production at the London Pavilion. Ann Harding is a new recruit from the American stage to pictures

(Continued from page 120)

to British production. Staging, too, is excellent, and although the scope of the action is confined to about three locations, there is no cramped feeling at any time. This is due to the good camera angles and intelligent use of varied aspects of the scene being enacted.

THE casting, which is too often not a sound point in British pictures, is excellent in this one. Sara Allgood, as I have already mentioned, gives a remarkable performance, which is well matched by that of Edward Chapman as the Paycock. Sidney Morgan, who was also in the stage version, repeats his success as "Joxey" Daly here; while Kathleen O'Regan makes a most sympathetic character of Mary Boyle.

This play will shortly be seen in the West End, probably at the Alhambra, and it should not be missed.

ON the other hand, I feel that about half an hour of "Evangeline" at the Piccadilly is quite enough. It is a picture based on Longfellow's poem of the same name, and deals with the love of Gabriel and Evangeline, who are parted after the English troops have destroyed the settlement of Acadie, in Nova Scotia, and deported the inhabitants. This happened during the war in America between the English and French, when the little settlement refused to take up arms against the French, although they were under an English Government.

Dolores del Rio as Evangeline in the film of that name at the Piccadilly. "The Bad One" is the title of Dolores del Rio's next picture

THERE are scenes of brutality when the English soldiers drive the helpless inhabitants to the ships. Surely all this is very offensive to British eyes, and one rather marvels at the Censor in allowing such conduct to be shown over here in an American film. After all, one does not pick on discreditable incidents in a friendly nation's history to make entertainment.

THE story drags on interminably and drearily, with Dolores Del Rio as the faithful Evangeline missing her lover Gabriel (Ronald Drew) all the way up and down America until at last old age overtakes them. Then Longfellow allows her to find him dying in a fever hospital. Edwin Carewe, the producer, has added to Longfellow's boredom a theme song, which Evangeline sings several times, and finally into the dying man's ears. He dies.

WHILE one cannot be interested or gripped by the leisurely and very slow story, it must be confessed that the scenic qualities of the picture are remarkable; beautiful exteriors of sea, woods, and river, very often with an almost stereoscopic effect. Camera work is of a very high order indeed. There are some very fine sequences, too, of the arrival of the English ships and troops, followed by well-handled crowd scenes, in which the above-mentioned brutality takes place. If only the story and acting had been on a level with pictorial composition this picture would have been a masterpiece.

I HAVE only a very little space left in which to speak of Marion Davies's first talkie, "Marianne." After her disappointing performance in "The Hollywood Revue" I did not expect much, so I was most pleasantly surprised at the vivacious and clever acting she gives in this screen musical comedy set against a French background during Armistice. The humour is mostly broad, but it is funny, and two comedians, Benny Rubin and Cliff Edwards, add to the entertainment. The only thing that jars are some very questionable insinuations when Marion Davies appears dressed as a man. Once again one wonders whether the Censor is just too perfectly innocent or merely careless. L. C.

Unofficial Trials :- *3. Winter Starting*

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THE BULL THAT W

BY LESLIE BUTLER

WAS COLOUR-BLIND

Player's Please
PLAYER'S
NAVY CUT.

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

SHIP'S CARDS

By RUPERT GRAYSON

Mr. Rupert Grayson, the author of this week's short story, has won considerable recognition as a writer of exciting fiction through his recently published "Gun Cotton." In "Ship's Cards" he introduces the reader to a very pretty card-sharper who preys on the unwary card player aboard ship

ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE

"BIT out of practice, been running straight too long—however, we'll see——."

Tony looked up at me from the table. His hair was tinged with grey in contrast to his young face, and yet the effect was strangely attractive. I think Tony was meant to break hearts. I myself knew of one.

"Not too bad; the hand hasn't lost its cunning, you see!"

I suppose I must have smiled grimly, for there was a gleam of amusement in his eyes.

"You're thinking I'm not as much out of practice as I ought to be?"

I wasn't thinking anything of the sort. I liked young Tony too much, but there *was* something extraordinarily fascinating in watching him handle the cards, which he was deftly shuffling, cutting, sliding and slicing.

"Leaves from the devil's prayer-book, R.," he laughed.

The cards were face down, and under pressure of his long, delicate fingers they seemed to fall into place as his finger tips touched their shiny backs.

"All set, R."

He stood up, looking amazingly lithe and well-conditioned in his shirt sleeves. The buttons on his white waistcoat gleamed, and then he straightened his black tie. Curious things to remember, but they stand out vividly in my memory. He was so obviously pleased with his success; a sort of innocent devil-may-care pleasure.

"I say, R——"

I've no idea what he was going to say, for at that moment a shadow seemed to cross his face, leaving him serious and thoughtful.

"I'm sorry Daily's in the game. Supposing——"

"Suppose nothing," I broke in irritably, for I was about as desperate over the whole job as I could be. We'd tried Wendell from every angle without success.

"There are always risks, Tony, but you've promised to go through with it," I reminded him.

"Wendell's no fool, R., and if anything went wrong how could I ever explain it to Juliette—she believes in me," he added with a sly smile.

"You ought to have thought of that before."

I spoke softly to him, for I think that everyone on the ship knew that Tony was in love. And the girl he loved was Juliette Daily. Her eyes were grey, or blue, heaven knows which, black lashes, a delicious red mouth with pearly teeth, and a lovely figure, while her wealth gave her a delightful suggestion of independence.

"All right, R. There'll be no mistakes, but——"

"No buts either, Tony."

"Unless Wendell smells a rat," Tony said.

"A ridiculous suggestion. All he'll smell will be Daily's Napoleon brandy——"

Tony had picked up the pack of cards again—ship's cards. He gazed intently at his finger-tips, then ran them lightly over the cards. "I don't suppose you'd feel anything there, my old respectable," he laughed. "Pin-pricks, that's all. There's 400 dollars Wendell won from Daily, 600 from Maxwell, 1,300 from Carlyle——"

"Don't forget the journey money," I reminded him.

"Say another 300——"

"Don't let anything worry you until you get down to the clean, crisp notes."

"Clean and crisp! Delightful!" he smiled, showing his white teeth. "I do wish I felt happier about it all," he added, slipping into his dinner jacket.

"Then Wendell detached himself from a group. Cold-eyed and dank looking, I disliked him"

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I didn't feel too happy about the business myself, but as I saw him giving a last glance in the mirror my confidence returned. There was something about Tony that suggested success—a gift from the fairies, I imagine.

We'd been three days out of Southampton, so that the usual crowd were in the smoking-room and hanging round the bar. I already knew most of the men. Casual ship friends for the most part. Then Wendell detached himself from a group. Cold-eyed and dank looking, I disliked him. Whether he liked me I don't know, but he was too much smitten with Juliette Daily to appreciate Tony.

As he crossed the deck to greet us I wondered what the night would bring. I'd been warned that he was quick tempered, and even dangerous, though, so far, I had only found him a good loser and a generous winner.

"Revenge," he remarked with a smile, "I expect tonight you want your revenge."

"Something not quite so sweet, a martini for preference," Tony replied with a laugh, "and as dry as our old friend here," he added, digging me in the side.

The drinks, when served, were dry, but hardly as dry as Tony's smile when he caught the notice over the bar:—PASSENGERS ARE WARNED NOT TO PLAY CARDS WITH STRANGERS.

Then Maxwell, harmless, and Carlyle brainless, who were going to make up the card party after dinner, joined us, and there were two more rounds of drinks before we left for the Palm Court.

Daily was waiting for us there with his daughter, Juliette. That night she was looking even more bewitching than usual. We were dining with Daily in the restaurant, and Juliette the adorable, Wendell (the devil take him), Tony and I were the other members of the party.

Dinner went off successfully, and our host did us very well. The food was good, and so was the champagne, though the brandy was not as good as the Napoleon in Daily's suite.

I WASN'T feeling too confident of the future myself, but when I looked across the table and saw Tony's steady look and certain set of mouth I knew that we were probably all right. Nothing was going to be easy, I knew that. From the word go it had been difficult, for though Daily was as keen as mustard it was an effort to persuade Wendell to play and, when he did, it was not always easy to lose to him. That was absolutely necessary if we were to work him up to the heavy stakes we were after. From what I knew of him he was quite capable of playing the same game himself! I was relieved to think that jealousy would now keep him in the game, and so far we had lost, so there was no excuse for him withdrawing. I might have enjoyed playing the game, but with my limited knowledge I was not match for the others.

Juliette was dressed in black, with four white orchids. I can only think of her as Juliette, but, of course, I called her Miss Daily. Life at sea throws people together, but in this little romance I realised that something very deep and very sincere had brought together Tony and this girl.

It's not easy to describe these things, but I can hardly believe it would have been possible for a stranger to have joined the dinner party without feeling an atmosphere of tension at the table.

Tony laughed and talked with his usual easy distinction. I believe he was happier in the knowledge that, with Juliette present at the game, Wendell would play up to any stakes Tony had never discussed Wendell with me—I mean as a rival—nor had he discussed Juliette, for that was not his way. One thing I knew instinctively was that Tony had confessed his past to Juliette without disclosing his present. It was an act of faith typical of him (it's not pleasant telling the girl you love that you've served apprenticeship as a card sharper), and I prayed that things were going to turn out all right for him that night.

DINNER came to an end at last; it seemed to me that Tony lingered over it as if some prophetic warning had reached him. Juliette's eyes were tender and our host had been everything a host should be, while Wendell had been more than polite to us. Juliette liked me in her friendly way, but after Tony's confession she must have been terribly bewildered, and when we were in her father's suite—which was one of the largest on the ship, white panelled, electric fire, shaded lights and heavy carpet—I caught her puzzled glance. Maxwell and Carlyle had joined us, so we sat down to the game, which went as usual, though from the start the stakes were high. We were winning and losing in turn. Tony was playing with his usual careless indifference. I lost mostly, but I was used to this. We were playing with two packs—ship's cards, pink and green. The green were Tony's—I think I should say ours—and Tony was in luck, for he was winning with the pink as often as the green.

JULIETTE sat back in the shadows. She never spoke, but I could see that Tony was conscious of her presence. He wasn't exactly nervous, but there was a hard look in his eye, and all the time the stakes were steadily increasing in size, and in the silence of the room only the calls and the metallic click of chips could be heard.

Twice Tony won a big pool, and twice Wendell bought chips with dollar bills. But we were not after dollar bills, but those crisp, clean notes we knew he carried. Gradually the play grew higher still and the atmosphere more tense. The brandy had been drawn on frequently. Tony had punished it far less than we others, and there was an easy smile of confidence on his handsome face.

Daily suggested that Juliette might be tired, but she shook her head. I hardly know whether Tony was pleased or not at her wishing to stop. Certainly I believe that she was the first to realise that the game was developing into a Tony-Wendell duel. Once, when I caught her eye, she smiled, but I could have sworn that there was a tremor on her lips. For the most part she watched Tony with anxious eyes. 500-1,000-2,000. Carlyle threw in his hand.

"Say, Tony, I like playing at playing cards," he urged.

"If the game's too big, keep out," Wendell sneered, and added contemptuously, with a glance at Tony, "It may be too high for others before we're through."

The game continued, Tony lost, then won, but each time he won I noticed it was more than he had lost. It was difficult for me to see where we stood, for Carlyle's chips had now come into play.

Wendell was looking flushed, he was already short of chips, and most of his dollar bills had been lost. A kingpot was in progress. We were holding the

"'Cheat!' The hateful word rang through the room Both men sprang to their feet"

green cards—Tony's pack. We all came in 200 to play. 800 in the pool. Wendell opened for 1,000. He snapped the words out like a challenge thrown across the table. With a quiet smile Tony pushed his pile of chips forward. I came in, too, with a pair of Jacks. Maxwell went out—Daily went out, then I threw in. Wendell staked 1,000, Tony raised him 1,000, Wendell raised again. Tony saw him and won.

Carlyle was standing with his back to the fireplace. Somehow I think we all knew by then that we were no longer in the game. Juliette was watching Tony, and in her soft eyes there was a frightened look.

Daily leaned back. Wendell's voice broke the silence, "I'm out of chips."

Then Tony said softly, "Haven't you played enough to-night?" Tony was pushing his advantage home. "You've certainly lost enough to-night, don't you all think so?" he said, turning to us. Wendell looked up. Juliette was smiling. That smile must have decided him.

"More chips," he called.

Tony shook his head.

"One coup, if you insist," he said in a low voice, "£500, in notes," he added casually, and laid them on the table; then, still smiling, with his delicate fingers he counted them out.

I saw Wendell glance swiftly at Tony, but his rival was pleasantly unconcerned.

Suddenly Tony turned to Juliette. "Will you cut for me," he said. She leaned forward and a faint perfume lingered in the air. She cut, and I saw her look into Tony's eyes. When I looked back at Wendell he was holding five Bank of England notes—white and crisp. It was to be a cold hand. Tony dealt, and the cards were green.

I don't think the scene before me will ever leave my memory. Wendell, flushed and slightly drunk, Carlyle and Daily in the shadows. Juliette, her big eyes never leaving Tony's. Of the two men Tony was the less moved—there was even a twinkle in his eye when he turned to me.

"All set," he whispered.

Carlyle wiped his forehead with his handkerchief. The movement caught my eye, then Wendell looked at his cards.

Tony threw down an ace from his hand.

Ace High! Time seemed to be standing still.

"Cheat!"

The hateful word rang through the room.

Both men sprang to their feet.

Wendell stood unsteadily, pointing an accusing finger. For a moment I saw a look of bewilderment on Tony's face. Then he spoke in a low voice:

"I won these notes fairly," he said, speaking in a low voice and stressing the word notes. Had he used the word money things might have been different, but when he said *notes* Wendell must have realised in a flash that he had been tricked. Suddenly he drew a gun. Tony leaned forward to take the notes. Wendell fired! I don't know who got hold of Wendell, but I caught Tony as he fell.

In his hand he held the notes, and we laid him on a sofa. The bullet had done its work all right. Juliette was kneeling beside him. I heard her whisper: "How could you, Tony, how could you have failed me." But I knew that he had not failed *me*.

The doctor who was called gave Tony ten minutes, and even that was five too long. Then he turned to me and I heard him whisper, "Even to have kissed Cinderella's little foot. That was something."

He looked longingly at Juliette, and then he died.

I smoothed back Tony's dark hair and carried Juliette unconscious to her cabin.

THREE weeks later I was seated in a high-ceilinged room, London, S.W.1, talking to a big bug in the Secret Service.

"The notes are proof positive," he said. "We've been able to trace through their numbers the man Wendell sold those plans to. Forewarned is forearmed. It's a consolation to think that Tony, poor devil, died in a good cause. He never cheated *us*."

And as I passed down the Foreign Office stairs I thought of Tony, his black eyes and smiling lips, but perhaps more than anything else I thought of those marked cards lying in his cabin *unused*.

R. G.

Idealism in Modern Dress

By Blanche B. Elliott

An ensemble for the South of a mustard-coloured frock of crêpe marocain with white collar and long coat in matching velours de laine, lined with white. Model Lucile Paray
Specially sketched for The Bystander *in Paris*

Why, one wonders, is a quite unnecessary emphasis always given to the disagreeable things people say? An attack is invariably listened to with respect and quoted everywhere. And *so* many people imagine they were born to be the world's reformers! To find fault is undeniably more amusing, while to say something pleasant is to run the risk of being considered an amiable bore.

The subject of Fashion, for instance, is just one perennial target for criticism. The most recent outcry has been levelled against the new style of the longer skirt, the intricacy of design, and the more material used. Yet in fact what do we really find? With one sweeping gesture and a tremendous courage the big Paris designers have given us back femininity in dress. And the femininity, though modern in spirit, has gone back for its inspiration to the ancient Greeks for its supple line and graceful draperies. Such a movement seems rather to show an almost unconscious seeking towards idealism in this process of dress evolution we term Fashion. We remain practical and short-skirted enough in the day, and are even dallying with the trouser mode. It is only in the evening that we are metamorphosised and clothed in the grace and splendour of voluminous draperies exquisite in colours and alluring in design.

Moreover, the modern frock is created with the presupposition that all women are beautiful; and to be thought beautiful is half way towards becoming so. A slimness of contour and supple grace of line are what women to-day are trying to possess on their way to beauty. This leads to such excellent things as physical culture, a study of diet, the suppression of overfeeding, the too frequent cocktail or the incessant cigarette, which, even if for vanity's sake, should not fail to please the most railing of fault-finders. Beauty is, after all, every woman's birthright, and she should be beautiful, or appear so, to get her quota of happiness out of a niggardly world.

And so our evening dresses remain long! Bodices are moulded closely to the figure, and hips are slim. The fact that bodice and hips are made on to a lining ensures their fit, and from below the hips the fullness flows in various intriguing ways. The nonsense talked of the return of the heavily boned "stays" has died because, above all things, the waist is supple and *not* small. But slimness *must* be obtained—by sheer starvation if necessary! The evening décolletage is low, often reaching to the last vertebra of our backbone, and this mode calls for a pretty back; not one that is too plump, bony, or in the least bit curved. It is not a fashion for everyone, and so will probably remain in vogue. So if you *must* show your back and are not satisfied with it, I would suggest a consultation with a Swedish masseuse! Skirts are most favoured when they are long all round, and trains come second in popularity at the moment.

At smart evening functions in Paris there is a great deal of black or white being worn, and for the day it is again black. It seems the more colours are introduced the more does black become the rage. It achieves an indefinable quality of good taste and reserve which is the essence of chic. Again, women of all ages generally look well in white. One has only to see the faces of Breton peasants to realise how the snowy whiteness of their framing caps becomes the woman who wears it, whether she has the peachlike bloom of youth or is wrinkled and yellow with age. If you have not worn white for many years, try it. You will probably be pleasantly surprised. It is one of the dispensations of le bon Dieu for the three great events of woman—birth, marriage, and death. It is also a point to remember that both black and white require to possess a super excellence of cut and design to lift them above the ordinary. A colour helps a frock considerably, but black or white need the perfection of the classic.

The demi-toilette, or evening frock and hat, is charmingly illustrated here by Scaioni of a model by Worth. It is a vogue always popular in Paris, to a lesser degree in America, and does not take at all in England, because, as I have mentioned before, the word of the head waiter in a smart London restaurant carries more weight than any Society lady. It seems ridiculous, of course, but there it is, and anyone so dressed would have to find her way into the grill. To the French idea there is a tangible difference between dress for restaurant or even the smartest hotel to that worn at a private house. It is just one of those little perennial points for discussion, like the male one of the black or white tie, which few women ever really understand.

A delightful suggestion for the South is sketched by our artist from Lucile Paray's mid-season collection, and shows a mustard-coloured crêpe marocain frock with wide tucks cleverly placed to simulate a bolero, and a tuck on the skirt below the hips following this curving line. The long coat is in a matching shade of velours de laine lined with white; white also forming the shaped collar and bow tie of the little frock. The frock and matching coat will carry on into the Spring, for it is far too useful and delightful a fashion to be lightly discarded. Little secrets of what we are to wear in the Spring are showing here and there like the early snowdrops. Hats for the South, which are always a portent, are of a rough straw which almost looks like tweed. They are worn well off the face in front and have widish brims or brims that turn upwards on each side. Another fantasie Agnés was showing was a very fine lacy straw which could be draped and manipulated almost like material.

Accepted conventions in dress have their advantages, as a smart lady found when she kept an appointment in the country for a big luncheon party appropriately clad, as she thought, in tweeds. She found, to her surprise, that everyone was in sleek black or dark-coloured frocks. Attending a similar function in Town a few days later she wore a smart afternoon frock, only to find most people in tweeds! And a well-known Society girl chose a tweed coat to attend a swagger wedding.

An altogether charming model by Worth in pale grey transparent lace which falls in short gathered back frills from a bustle bow of pale grey velvet to finish the low decolletage at the waist. The lovely little evening hat is made of grey velvet and lace to match. *Model, Worth, Paris*

PARIS GOSSIP

THE OLD YEAR—AND THE NEW

By Sylvia Lyon

Illustrations by NORMAN KAY

"As for the concierge, her regard is a threat"

PRESIDENT DOUMERGUE began the New Year with the abolition of the customary New Year's Reception at the Elysée. Among his New Year's list of political pardons he gave thirteen exiled Communists the right to return. He also signed the pardon for Leon Daudet, the Royalist journalist. This, indeed, will be a welcome gift to Daudet, but may not perhaps be considered quite such a welcome gift to Paris. . . .

If it is more blessed to give than to receive, then your not so humble correspondent is a saint. Not that I differ from any other resident of Paris. Giving loses all its fun when the recipient asks for it. For, in France, while Christmas is a day for children, New Year's is for grown-ups. One must give (how I hate *must*) to the ordinary postman, and to the man who delivers the imprimées or magazines, to the facteur who distributes registered mail, and to the special envoy of the French Government who brings your telegrams and pneumatiques; and, just why I have never learned, and I have never seen such a person, the man who oils the lift! The dustman appears for his New Year tip, your coiffeur practically demands an extra one, and as for the concierge, her regard is a threat. The only recompense I have is that each of these people, in turn, in an endless chain, have to give tips, too.

IT is rather late, I suppose, to give a résumé, melancholy at all times, of the past year; but, better late than never, I will give the readers of THE BYSTANDER an impression of the past year in Paris, such impressions as received by my foolish mind and written down, the first day of the year, under the influence of a beautiful headache.

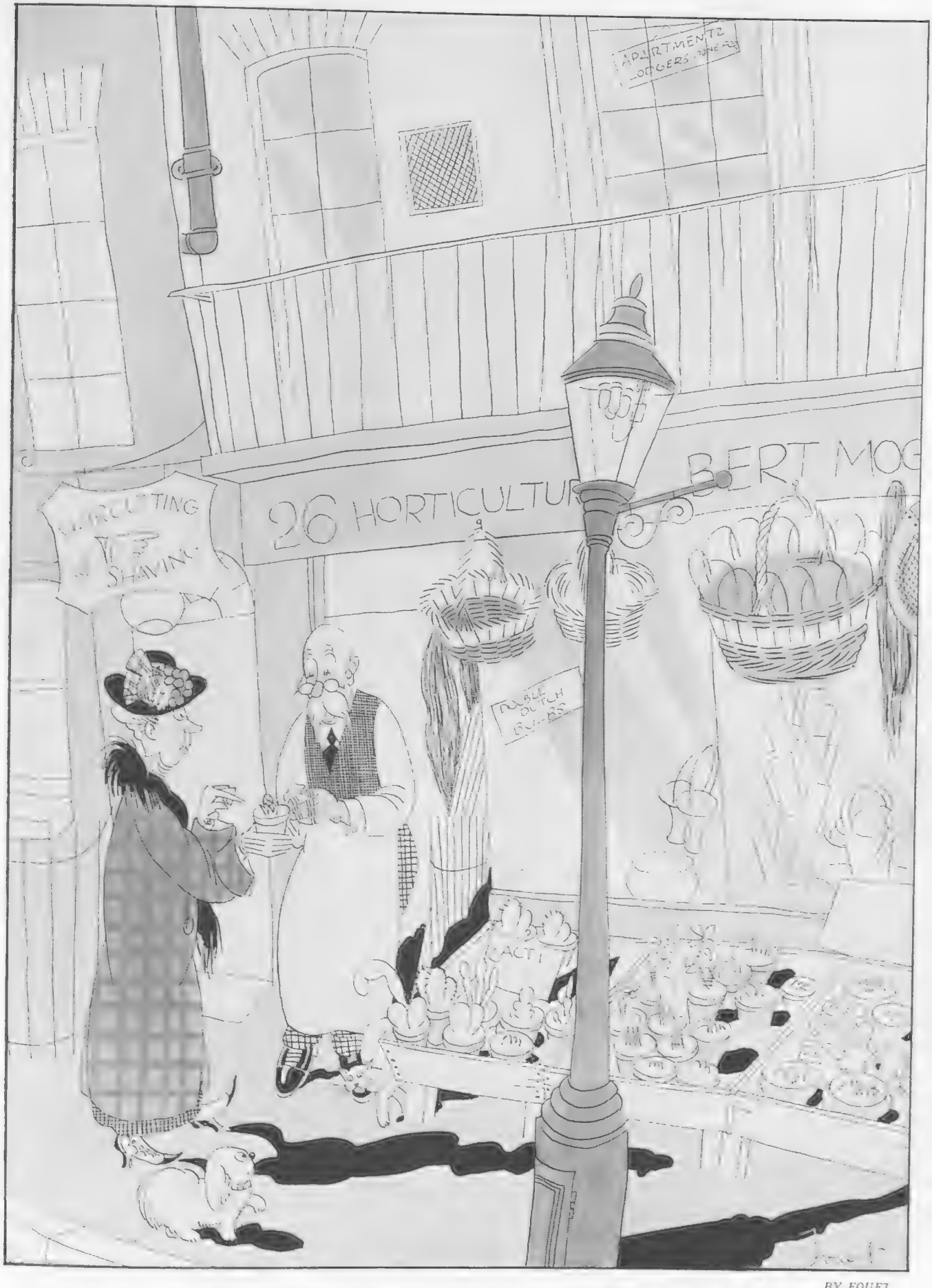
THE Parisian's startled discovery that a play can be a success without the mention of a bed: Jean Giraudoux' *Siegfried* and Edouard Bourdet's *Vient de Paraitre*; that crookedness in business, as demonstrated by "Topaze," can be the subject for a play. . . . Long evening dresses, the return of the waistline; France's discovery of Thomas Mann; the critics' enthusiasm for Virginia Woolf; Bernard Grasset's employment of hoardings to advertise books published by his house, and signs placed on the camions of the Messagèries Hachette to advertise, of all books, "Poussière," otherwise "Dusty Answer." You really cannot imagine how this struck me. For the French publisher usually regards the translation and launching of a foreign book as something literally unheard of, and as something that really isn't done. Not long, but lengthened hair, given to curls; blazing red finger-nails; the invasion of the eighteen-day diet. Vastly more important things occurred, but some seem so recent that repetition would be a bore.

FRANCE starts the year nineteen-thirty in the best financial condition since before the War. But Parisian shopkeepers, particularly the jewellers and furriers, deplore the lack of lavish foreigners. And several big art dealers, I hear, are in a bad way. But Paris, in so far as outward celebrations of the New Year are concerned, seemed to reflect a general prosperity. Snobbish to the point of adopting American customs, Paris invaded the night-clubs, a much more chic influx than that of Christmas Eve. The florists' windows were filled with orchids, as though orchids grow like weeds, and by six o'clock on December thirty-first the windows were despoiled.

AS I mentioned in a previous article, everything that happens in Paris is blamed upon America. But I protest one complaint that is an error: a certain critic, who should know better, says that Somerset Maugham is an American. I feel quite friendly with Maugham these days, having discovered that we have the same doctor. Due to a slight overdose of crêpes suzette and various soufflés

(Continued on page 134)

"Several big dealers, I hear, are in a bad way"

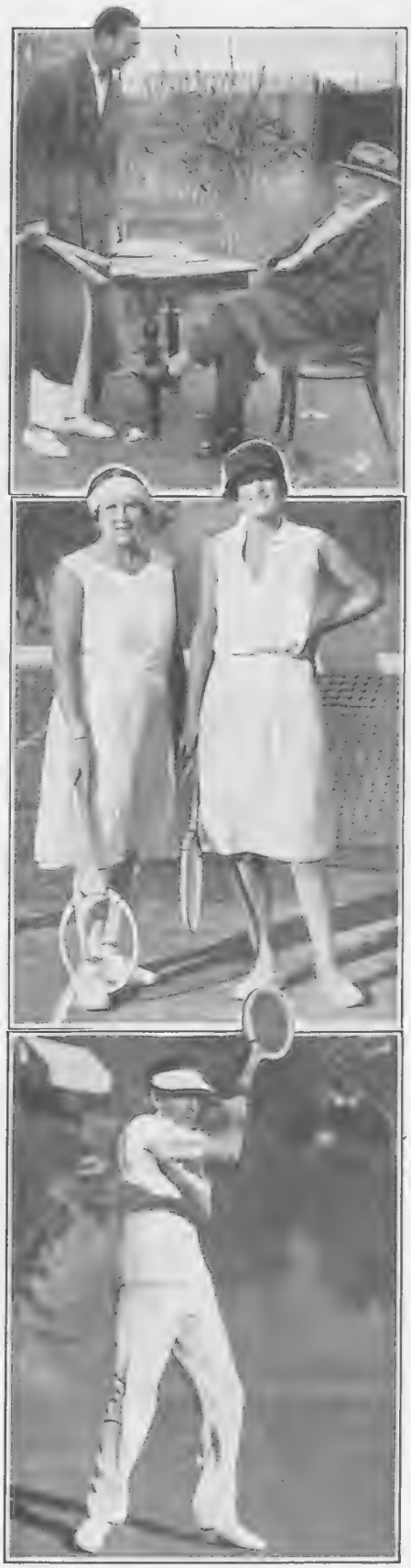


BY FOUET

"This hyacinth hasn't grown at all since I bought it a fortnight ago"
"But, Madam! Thurely ith a little higher thinth?"

PARIS GOSSIP (continued from page 132)

TENNIS at MONTE CARLO



Photographs *Sport and General*

At the top, Mr. G. Lyttleton Rodgers, the tall Irish International, is seen talking to the handicapper in the tournament which was held on the Hôtel Metropole courts, at Monte Carlo. The competitors included Mme. Tauney and Mrs. Satterthwaite (centre), and (bottom) A. Gerbault, who recently voyaged round the world in a small ketch

from cheese to chocolate, I found it more expedient to consult a diet specialist than a daily visit to the corner pharmacy's scale, as I could tell by the druggist's expression around the ears that he was tired of my wails of distress. I told Dr. Faillie that I was writing a novel and a play, and asked if that was bad for my health. He said "No! I have an English author for a patient; his name is Maugham." So then I asked if he couldn't put me on the same diet so that I would become a great success, but he thought I was only joking.

WHILE the exhibition of old Italian masters is on in London there is a show of paintings by Italian Futurists in Paris. I had thought that futurism was a stunt that died out. It still is a stunt, and it is quite dead as far as I am concerned. It is not art, it is painted ideas; and as good art is supposed to dispense with ideas, the school is utterly bad. Art never dates, for one thing, and these canvases do. By labelling their work with any ism or ist they give away their heavy, pompous, self-conscious ego. By seeking to portray the abstract they destroy it. In the whole show there is one portrait that I call amusing, and how the artist would hate to be called amusing! The subject is Mussolini, which, if reduced to black and white, would make a good caricature for, let us say, a theatrical poster. Unfortunately, I glanced at the catalogue, and saw, "Spiritual architecture of Mussolini."

FURIOUS, I strode up the rue la Boetie. Meeting a friend, I at once guessed her objective. "What are the pictures like?" she asked. "Just like slang six months too old," I answered. Farther up the street, before another gallery, two little Japanese men were gazing at some negro sculpture in the window. Appeared Maurice de Rothschild, who stopped, then deliberately stepped between the Japanese and their view of the African figures. He seemed to be especially delighted that his height and width obstructed the window's contents. Fortunately for my state of mind, three gorgeous new Kvapils, who get better every day, were in the window of another gallery, and, within, many little lovely water-colour sketches of Henri de Waroquier. I was glad to see that this summer somebody went to Venice to make pictures, and not to have his pictures taken. . . .

THE two subway systems, the Métropolitain and Nord-Sud, have been merged, so that one ticket will serve on both lines, and hundreds of people who have bought or received little leather gadgets containing separate pockets for Metro and Nord-Sud tickets will have to throw them away with, perhaps, the relief of getting rid of encumbrances.

HAVING received a magnificent gift from Rockefeller, both the Faculté and École de Medecin are to build new quarters, way down the river, on the site of the wine-markets, which will be moved elsewhere.

I am tired of looking at novelty jewellery, and think that turquoise, coral and jade will take its place. I also think that long dresses will not last, for they are not for stepping out, they are for stepping on. S. L.

"They are not for stepping out, they are for stepping on!"

THE WORTHINGTON KENNEL CLUB

meeting on Sunday morning at the "Five Bells"

Bobs, a Sealyham or Car-hound, by two seater out of town on most week-ends. A nice, well-bred little dog, long in the coat, short in the leg and so-so in the temper. Worth his weight in gold as a thief-proof parking device.

"Intelligent?" says his master, "Positively human. Why, I've known him lean over the side for miles on end, and paw at the switch every time he saw the sign "Worthington in Bottle!"

THE PALESTINE HOAX (continued from page 114)

THE ORIGINAL JERUSALEM

Wide World

The emancipation of Arab women is now far advanced, and many have discarded the Yashmak and other signs of serfdom. Above is seen the parade of the first Arab Women's Congress at Jerusalem

discriminating when they were led so far afield to rescue the Tomb of Christ from the Saracen. Be this as it may, it is surprising to find that Josephus, the great Jewish historian, describes a Jerusalem of his day that lay east to west, whereas the city we call Jerusalem is built north and south. The old Jerusalem also consisted originally of a long street with steep side streets adjoining it, like the wynds of old Edinburgh. It began in the east and stretched for about a mile and a half upwards to the west, where there was the Fortress, called also the City of David or the City of Zion. In shape it was like a great stone prehistoric saurian, its head being the City of David; a little lower its neck being divided by what was called the Tyropœan Valley; then came the High, also named the Mount Moriah, where was the Temple. Then the street followed onward eastwards, where stood the Watergate, overlooked by the Mount of Olives and the Garden of Gethsemane, formerly the King's Garden. Later, two parallel hills, one north, the other south, were inhabited when Jerusalem had a population, as Tacitus says, of six hundred thousand normally, and, as Josephus observes, of two million seven hundred thousand at the time of the Feast of the Passover—so it was *some* city!

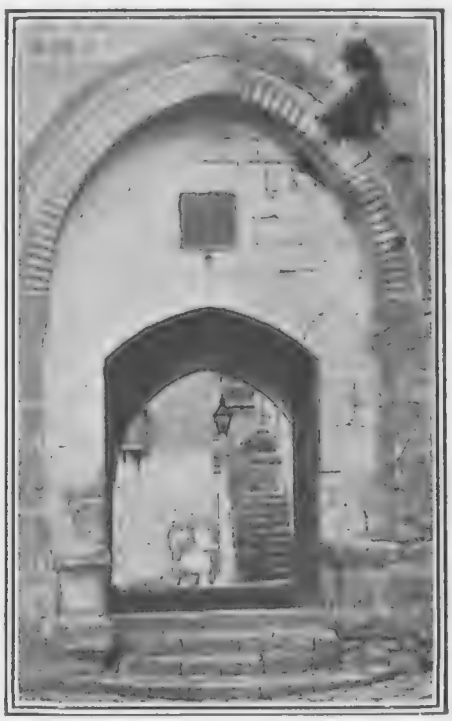
MY friend points out that scarcely any of these so-called sites agree with the Bible localities or those of Josephus. After all, it is difficult to get away from physical geography, and I must say it is a Gordian knot to untie if the present Jerusalem stands north and south instead of east and west, and on one oblong hill instead of three (or four, if the Hill of Zion is considered as separate from Mount Moriah) parallel hills. Who, also, can explain why it is that, although when Titus besieged the city it was guarded by three enormous walls with numerous and large towers of marble, the outer wall with a circumference of about four miles, not a stone, not a sign of their foundations, has ever been discovered?

WHAT, too, asks my friend, of the country itself and its climate? Josephus describes Galilee as having many nations, its soil "universally rich and fruitful" and full of woods, etc.; for the present Galilee is a sterile, mountainous region which can only sustain a very small population. "Cities lie very thick," says Josephus, "and the very least of them," he adds, "contain about fifteen thousand inhabitants." There is not the vestige of any of those cities. The Jordan was a fertile river with towns on its banks, and flowed into the Dead Sea, called also the Sea of Sodom, which was a real sea containing fish—quite another thing from the present arid region given that name. The Tombs of the Patriarchs are alleged to be at Hebron, but neither Christian nor Jew is permitted to enter the Mussulman Haram, the Mosque of Christian or Saracen origin. The rock-cut tombs in the Valley of Hinnom or Jehoshaphat are of Roman design with late Greek inscriptions. The Tomb of Zachariah is Roman, and nothing has been found at Petra, Sebaste, Baalbec, Palmyra or Damascus, or even among the stone cities of the Haran that is pre-Roman. What can the Zionist say about that?

THE Bible Palestine, moreover, was a country of great fertility, a land of "milk and honey." We are always reading of vineyards, olive trees, and fruit trees in abundance, as also of the great herds and flocks of cattle and sheep, by which the Patriarchs set so much store. None of these could have existed in the present Palestine, where there is scarcely a valley worthy of the name. In Matthew we read about the grass: "He commanded the multitude to sit down on the grass; in Mark it is "the green grass"; in John, "There was much grass in the place." The extraordinary thing is that no grass grows in Palestine unless it is artificially cultivated. An English farmer says: "As I travelled from Jaffa to Jerusalem I did not see so much as one single blade of grass, though I searched for it as one would for a diamond." Is not this rather extraordinary, my Lord Balfour? And where is the "milk and honey," when the only milk generally obtainable is diluted goats' milk? Indeed, the ancient Palestine had a moist, and even in winter cold, climate, for we read of the cold waters that flow down from Lebanon, and how the servants of Pilate made a fire of coals; of how King Herod in Galilee marched through a "very great snow," and how troops were sent into their "winter quarters."

WELL, here is a knotty problem for our well-meaning politicians who believe they have found the "National Home of the Jews" in Palestine! This supposed re-settlement was embarked upon for purely sentimental reasons, and here we find some very stubborn facts regarding the authenticity of the country which should be faced not only by British politicians, but by the Zionists themselves, who by this time must have realised that they have bought a pig in a poke. After all, if politics are to be bent to establish a claim to a land, the history and geography should be beyond question.

"KIM."



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The Court that is called "The Court of the Moneychangers in Solomon's Temple"

"—and between ourselves"

an advertisement may prove nothing, but it can persuade a fellow to prove something for himself . . . and now it annoys me if people say soda water without adding the name that proves it, *namely*—

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FLYING NOTES

Prospects for 1930

PROGRESS at home and abroad in the organisation of facilities for private flying will be even more rapid this year than last. National Flying Services' programme includes the establishment of a further sixteen clubs, which means that several thousands of people will have cheap flying within their reach. There will be an increase of at least fifty in the number of municipal and private aerodromes throughout the country, all making for the increased safety and convenience of air travel. Continental air services are being speeded up, so that even greater distances can be covered each day; the Berlin-London time is cut down by one hour, and a new daily service is being put on between Prague and London. Imperial Airways are putting the latest 40-seater Handley Page liners on their Continental routes, and the Indian mail service, which now terminates at Delhi, will be extended to Calcutta. The trans-African route will be opened for regular mails in the autumn. The most significant feature this year will be the development of night flying, without which air transport and travel cannot hope to increase its popularity indefinitely. Lighting equipment for night flying is being installed at the principal Dominion and Colonial airports, and not before it is due, for we are very backward in this respect compared with the United States and the European countries.

The Baron and Baroness de Précourt, well known on the Riviera, in their machine. It is a Schreck Amphibian

AN R.A.F. RECORD

By Capt. C. E. Ward

Safety in the Air

THE Royal Air Force may well be proud of its safety record for 1929. In spite of an increase in the number of squadrons and in total flying hours, the number of serious crashes shows a reduction of 40 per cent. over 1928. When one considers that normal routine in our youngest Service is often equivalent in risk to that prevailing in time of war, the comparative freedom from accidents is a wonderful tribute to our methods of training and to the design of machines and equipment. The large percentage decrease is partly due to the use of "slots" and parachutes, the latter having saved nineteen lives during the year. The quality and performance of British aircraft are constantly increasing; fighting scouts now have a top speed of 200 miles an hour compared with 130 about ten years ago, so that the Service pilot must always be increasing his own performance. There is no doubt that our Air Force is the most highly trained in the world, serving as a model to every other country. The public will have the usual opportunity of witnessing the Service at work at Hendon on Saturday, June 28, when the eleventh Annual Display will be staged.

Who's Who in the Air

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES will have aircraft available for his use whilst on his African tour, even though his own Moth may not be sent out. The Prince, acting as his own cameraman, has made an excellent aerial film of incidents and scenes on the many flights he has undertaken, and Mr. Geoffrey Watson has just finished two paintings of the Moth. British aviation was honoured by two of the six peerages in the New Year's list; Sir Hugh Trenchard, the retiring Chief of the Air Staff, who steered the Royal Air Force safely through the most difficult period of its career, and Sir Charles Cheers Wakefield, the most generous and far-sighted patron of flying in the world. The Baron and Baroness de Précourt are giving a lead to private owners in France. In addition to their Schreck Amphibian, which won the first prize in the Rally to La Boule last autumn, the Baron has one of the latest Morane monoplanes for fast overland touring.

L.N.A.

The survey 'plane in which Flight-Lieutenant A. Haines and Mr. C. R. Thorn will carry out a six months' survey of unexplored lands in Egypt. It is seen at Northolt Aerodrome before leaving for the Near East

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BOOKS AND PEOPLE

MR. EVELYN WAUGH PRESENTS—

By Ralph Straus

MR. EVELYN WAUGH

The young author of "Decline and Fall," which enjoyed a big vogue last year. His new book, "Vile Bodies" (Chapman and Hall), is reviewed on this page

ADJECTIVES fail me, for I have just finished reading *Vile Bodies* (Chapman and Hall: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Evelyn Waugh. I was prepared to be disappointed. I thought: "he can't improve on *Decline and Fall*; he can't even repeat it." But he has. I assure you that *Vile Bodies* is one of the drollest and most entertaining affairs that ever strayed into print. It is a masterpiece of inconsequence. It has irony and the right amount of malice. It is as free from sentimentalism as a five-shilling watch is from gold. And its improprieties are so deliciously subtle that I confidently expect even the late Home Secretary to succumb to its blandishments.

THE trouble is to know what to say about it. You cannot be given an outline of the plot, for the simple reason that there is none. Mr. Waugh merely takes a look a little way ahead, and proceeds to show us the Brighter Young Folk of those days, largely depending for his information, of course, on the gossip-writers of the time. (These, by the way, are almost invariably young peers of the realm, regrettably without realms of their own.) And these folk are really very bright indeed. Moreover, the struggle for Brightness has become so intense that they are constantly being killed off in their efforts to obtain it—good copy for Mr. Gossip, but a little unfortunate for them.

PERHAPS I can best whet your appetite by mentioning some of the "distinguished" creatures whose antics are ever becoming curiouser and curiouser. The two or three Prime Ministers can be cursorily dismissed: they are hardly the kind of people about whom Suburbia cares to read at breakfast, except in the event of a bright young party being held (without the knowledge of the P.M.) at No. 10, Downing Street. But there is Agatha Runcible, who cares not at all under whose roof she sleeps, and Milas Malpractice, whose name fits him peculiarly well, and Father Rothschild, the Jesuit priest, and Lotty Crump, who keeps a strangely regal hostelry in the West End, and Adam Fenwick-Symes, who is always getting engaged to the same girl and always avoiding a fortune, and the drunk major who has no name but deserves a whole book to himself, and Colonel Blount, who has a poor memory but enjoys making films, and the admirably evangelical Mrs. Hoop with her chorus of American angels. Besides these, too, there are some of our old friends: Lady Circumference and Lady Metroland are both still alive, and Peter Pastmaster, rather curiously, is not yet dead—of a too long-continued immersion in whisky—when the last poignant chapter is reached.

NOW I am quite prepared to be told by one or two soured Edwardians that the whole thing is a bit of dangerous nonsense. I am even prepared to be told that it is not what *they* call really funny at all. And it is certainly the fact that the most appalling suggestions are constantly being made. But they are made in the charmingest fashion, and for my part I cannot conceive of a droller or more cunning or more subtly ironical commentary on the juvenile absurdities of to-day. It seems to me that in Mr. Evelyn Waugh we have a humorist who has little, if anything, in common with the older school. He sails along gaily by himself, allowing his ship to steer its own wild course. It is all utterly fantastic, and yet it is—very nearly—life as the popular Press would have us believe it to be.

Claude Harris

MISS MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

One of the most able of the young writers of to-day. Her novel, "Storm Bird," published last autumn, enjoyed a brisk sale

THERE is this, too, to be said about his book. You can open it up anywhere, and instantly find yourself absorbed in its eccentrics. For myself, I confess that on coming to the end I re-read the earlier chapters—with increased enjoyment. I wanted to renew acquaintance with one or two of the unfortunates who had fallen on the way. They are all such excellent company. Mr. Waugh, moreover, does not depend on any particular trick for his effects. His prose is perfectly simple, and yet it is quite distinctive. I can say with truth that I have rarely been sorrier to reach the last page of a novel.

MR. WAUGH, as I have hinted, is occasionally naughty. The French novelist, Gabrielle Colette, has been considered so naughty that, although she must have been writing for nearly thirty years, it is only now that she is permitted to appear in an English dress. And this in spite of the fact that many people hold her to be one of the finest French writers alive to-day! But we are renowned, amongst other things, for our caution.

(*Continued on page* 142)

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Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News, 5th October 1929

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BOOKS AND PEOPLE (*continued from page 140*)

WELL, I cannot imagine any of our journalistic Puritans holding up their delicate hands in horror at *Chéri* (Gollancz: 7*s.* 6*d.*). It is a picturesque little story of the Parisian half-world, very short, very crisp, rather pathetic and exceedingly vivid. Leonie Vallon has had many lovers, and at forty-nine she is not only comfortably off, but able to look at herself in the glass with an honest eye. It happens, however, that for the last few years she has been in love with an entirely graceless but very beautiful young man called Chéri. He is the type of creature whom most men would feel inclined to kick very hard indeed at the first opportunity, but he loves Leonie in his selfish way, and he continues to love her in a fashion after his marriage. At the same time there is something maternal about Leonie, and, with a mother of his own in the background—also of the half-world—he wants to be free.

AND so you have the little tragedy—it is far from being depressing—of the elderly woman saying good-bye and trying to continue as though nothing had happened, momentarily deceiving herself when Chéri returns to her after his marriage, but strong enough to give him his freedom without a fight. It reads like the truth, and as Colette has a habit of embroidering actual affairs to suit herself, it may very well be the truth. The book has been well translated, and it is easy to read. It has wit and understanding and one or two memorable portraits.

SINCE Thackeray's day many writers have amused themselves, and sometimes other people as well, by allowing new and equally illiterate Jeames de la Pluches to have their say. It is, however, a rather dangerous experiment to make these days. A few words grotesquely and yet not too unnaturally mis-spelt may be genuinely amusing for a time, but a whole novel full of such things, even if in addition there are greater monstrosities of punctuation, is a tall order.

NOW Mr. Milton Hayes's second novel, the curiously-named *Bad Men Make Good Wives* (Hurst and Blackett: 7*s.* 6*d.*), purports to be the diary of a poorly-educated, sixty-year-old messenger in the Manchester office of a big insurance company, and it is written in what everybody except the diarist himself might well call a "weard patwar." By consequence it is not too easy to read, and I confess that I did not find the first few pages more than mildly amusing. Almost on a sudden, however, this queer diary, which Mr. Upjack manages to keep up-to-date, even in the most trying circumstances, becomes really interesting. He is a dear, simple-minded, extremely loyal old boy, blessed with two beautiful daughters and cursed with a financially astute son, and his story is at once queerly pathetic and most entertaining. In fact, when half-way through the book I was inclined to believe that Mr. Hayes had brought off a fairly big thing.

UNFORTUNATELY, in addition to being a novelist, Mr. Hayes is also a professional humorist. He will have his fun, and sometimes the fun is not of the first class. While Mr. Upjack is worrying about the happiness of his daughters, and still a humble messenger about to be dismissed, he is wholly delectable; but when his inventor allows him to gad about Europe with a penniless peer and a cinema actress who has twice been that peer's wife, he comes perilously near to being the ordinary stock puppet of the ordinary stock farce. Indeed, it needs the presence in "Montey Carlow" of his old employer to give Mr. Upjack once again a place in his readers' affections. There are, then, some brilliant things in this book, and so long as the scene is laid in Manchester it makes excellent reading; but Mr. Hayes is not satisfied to give his hero a splendidly Mancunian dress-suit; he gives him an almost impossibly cosmopolitan outfit as well, and that is a pity.

R. S.

Books and Their Authors

Some eighteen months ago the Frederick A. Stokes Publishing Company of New York and McClures Magazine organised a detective story competition, the prize being the biggest sum yet offered in the history of these competitions.

It is now announced that the winning entry is appropriately entitled *Murder Yet to Come*, by Isabel Briggs Myers, and that the novel will be published simultaneously in New York and London during January, in the latter place by Gollancz.

Night Life in New York! The throbbing lilt of jazz, the flash of white shoulders smoke, lipstick, cocktails—love, jealousy, hate! This is the theme of the vivid picture of the hectic society life of to-day which is portrayed in "Difficult Women," by Katherine Brush, which Cassells have just published.

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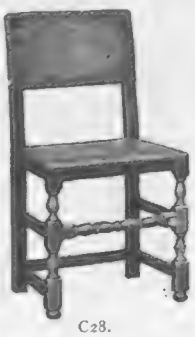

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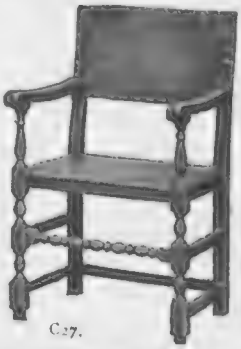

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VI.—THE DEFENSIVE BID

A DEFENSIVE bid is a bid made at any time after an original bid by an opponent of the previous bidder. This definition is the most satisfactory I know, because it eliminates the complication of denials being treated as defensive bids. In consequence, the typical defensive bid is bid by West over Dealer South's original call. For an original bid the requirements have been discussed ad nauseum. But with the exception of Mr. William Whitehead, the noted American expert, whose god is precision and whose angels are fractional formulæ, no one has given a standard for the defensive bid.

WHITEHEAD'S rule is simple: one and a half quick tricks in hand with at least half a trick in the suit of five cards; *or* two quick tricks and any five-card suit; *or* four cards in suit as good as an original bid if one be bidding one over one; if one has to bid two over one, more length or more top cards.

The rule, though attractive, simple, and easy, is too rigid to admit of enforcement. I have behind me not only twenty years' personal card experience, but the authority of Sidney Lenz for saying the rule, while sound enough in theory, is only too often useless in practice. In the last book the late Ernest Berghold wrote before his death he advised bids on far weaker hands than those prescribed by Whitehead. So I counsel you: *do not count quick tricks for defensive bids.*

SOUTH bids, say, a club. As West, bid at once any suit you want led to anticipate a major or no trump take out by North. South bids a major: *bid any suit you can if you have no defence against that major.* If you have defence, bid only on a legitimate call. For example, over a club I certainly call a spade on S—J, x, x, x, x; H—Q, 10, x; D—K, x, x; C—x, x—or a diamond on S—x, x, x; H—x, x, x; D—A, J, 10, x, x; C—x, x. Over a heart I call a spade on S—K, x, x, x, x; H—x, x; D—x, x, x, x; C—Q, x; or S—10, x, x, x, x; H—x; D—Q, 10, x, x; C—x, x, x. On a stronger hand I should *pass*, viz., S—10, x, x, x, x; H—K, 10, x; D—A, x, x; C—A, x, the reason being that if your partner has a trick you have game saved; if he has a call you have, probably, game. On a genuine call, of course, such as S—A, J, 10, x; H—K, 10, x; D—A, Q, x, x; C—x, x, you call a spade.

LENZ cites two cases: one in which his partner doubled three hearts on the strength of his defensive club bid, and the double became unstuck because he had not the Whitehead requirement, whereas the clubs were good for the game; the second had S—Q, J, 10, 9 x, x; H——; D—J, 10, x, x, x; C—x, x. I question very much if Mr. Whitehead himself held that hand if he would pass an adverse heart call! But, to be consistent, he should!

BID freely as West and cautiously as East. South calls a minor; West and North both pass. If you are East, be wary of opening your mouth! I will tell you a moving incident that happened to me last week in this connection. My partner went a diamond, West and I passed, and East went a spade. I had queen to five diamonds, ace, king and another spade, the doubleton jack of heart, and eyewash in clubs. I went two no trumps and got the game! We made just three diamonds. Doubtless it may be said that I should have called the no trump over my partner—but then you don't know her!

WEST should bid freely; he has a partner still to speak. East should bid only when he has something worth saying—and then think twice before he says it. If West call originally, North should emulate West. If North bids originally third hand, East, should call if possible, especially over a minor. If East bid fourth hand, North and South should call only on genuine secondary suits—six or seven. But they should not wait for quick tricks. K, J, 10, x, x, x, x, x is worth a secondary bid without another card in hand; so are two five-card suits, or a four, four, five distribution.

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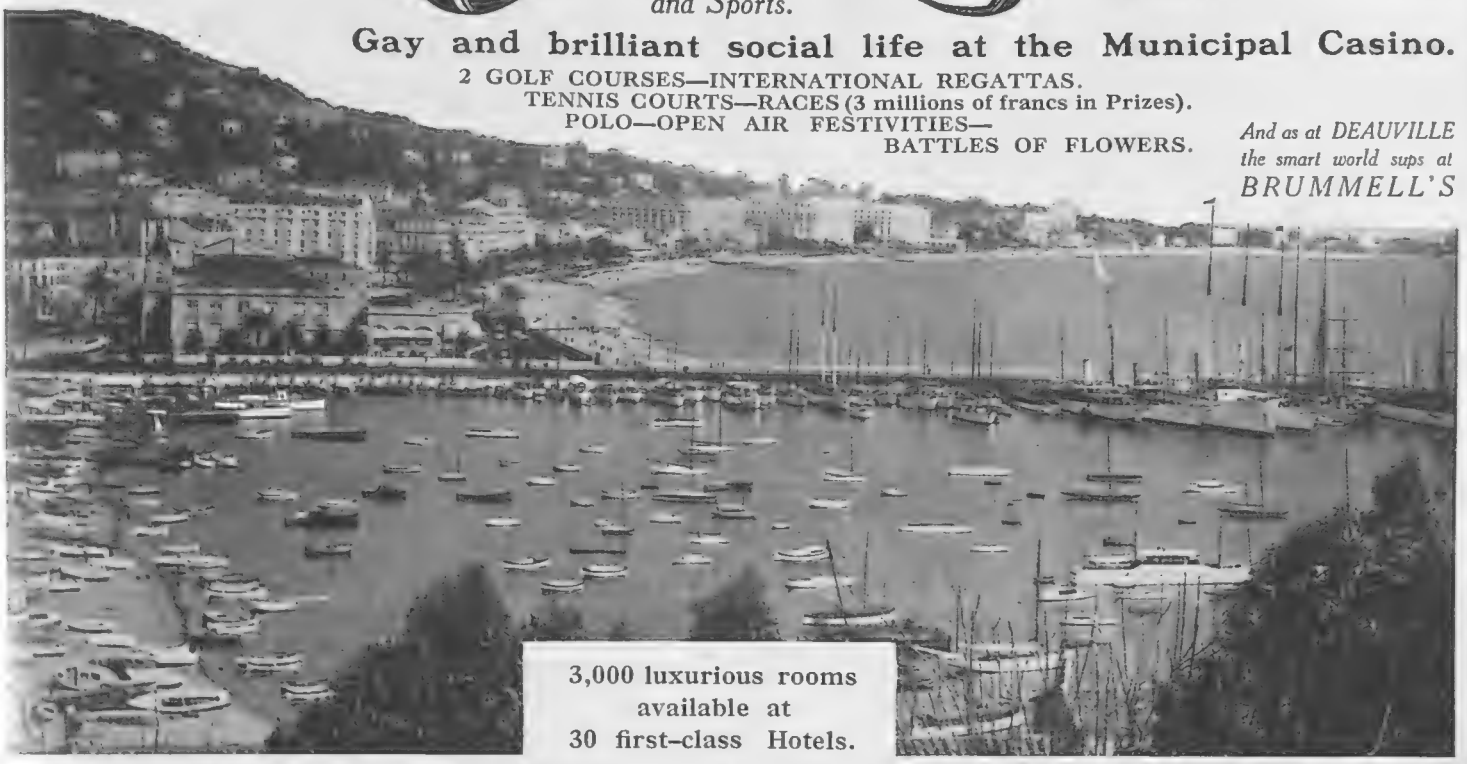

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DOGS

CAN YOU EXPLAIN THIS? By "The Kennelman"

TO-DAY, Wednesday, sees a Dog Show staged in Salisbury, benched and fed by Spratts. The National Terrier Club's big Show is due at the Crystal Palace next Wednesday; and the day draws near now for the closing of entries for Cruft's great annual exhibition (February 12 and 13) at the Agricultural Hall.

THERE'S no denying that Dogs have a number of special senses and faculties of which we know nothing, apart from the fact that they have developed senses we do know, such as scent and hearing, to a really amazing extent. Imagine the human ear being able to detect the difference between your touch and mine on the latch of a gate, distant seventy-five paces, and that in a sleety gale. How do Dogs know when a Sunday morning comes round, and that before seeing any of their human friends? How can a Dog taken a fifty miles' journey by train to a town he has never before visited find his way home alone across country? The Kennelman has observed his own Dogs in the performance of these minor miracles.

AND how, pray, do Dogs tell the time? Mr. W. J. Mills records in *Our Dogs* the achievements of Paddy, the Airedale, at the Travellers' Rest Hotel, Crossgates, Leeds, who unfailingly barks out his "Time, Gentlemen, please!" punctually at 3 and 10 p.m. on week-days, and at 2 and 10 on Sundays, and is never put off his stroke for one second by such tests as alteration of the bar clock. Paddy is sometimes fast asleep on the kitchen hearthrug one minute before closing hour; but that does not prevent his reaching the bar on the very tick of time to give his word of command. There are hundreds of Dogs who invariably go to meet certain trains, absolutely on time, and with never a hint from anyone. The writer knows a Pekingese who vigorously announces dinner to his master at precisely 7 p.m. each evening, even when shut alone in a room without a clock. There is another famous Dog in Leeds, by the way: Spot, who owns Mr. Albert Dobson, of Wellington Court, Greystone Street. He carries an empty pipe about with him, goes into tobacco shops (never into any other kind of shop), stands up before the counters and quite unmistakably demands the filling of his pipe, which he promptly conveys to Mr. Dobson directly it has been filled.

A READER who has just returned from America says that English-bred Great Danes are hardly ever seen in the States now, "because of our rather faddy prohibition of ear-cropping. After all, why should we object to this, since we don't bar tail-cropping? It has certainly closed one big market to our Great Dane breeders." That may be, but I doubt if it will for very long, because the natural dropped ear really adds to the dignity of the Dane head, and because some of the States are already seeing the wisdom and humanity of forbidding ear-cropping. The comparison with tail-cropping is quite beside the mark, since this is all to the Dog's own benefit in those breeds to which it applies, and—a vital point—it involves no pain or hardship, being attended to in earliest puppyhood, when it involves the merest snipping of gristly skin, barely noticed by the pup. Ear-cropping comes at a more developed stage, and is a painful and long-drawn-out business, a mutilation rather than a betterment.

SICKNESS is not precisely a sparkling topic, but the reader who points out that everyone ought to know how to make a Dog sick when sudden need calls is in the right of it, if only because there are still people about who are unprincipled enough (despite the law on the matter) to leave poisoned baits in exposed places. No doubt Dogs are often made sick by sundry forms of human fatuousness, but that's beside the immediate mark. As an emetic for use in emergency, a handful of common salt thrust well back behind a Dog's tongue will generally serve, but a better one, perhaps, is a spoonful of ordinary washing-soda. Push it well back, and hold the Dog's muzzle firmly, pointing heavenward, till it's swallowed.

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SHOOTING NOTES

King Alfonso's grim expression causes great amusement to his companions during a recent shoot near Madrid. The King of Spain always wears some distinctive hunting costume

AFRICAN GAME TERRITORIES

By "Clodhopper"

THERE has been a great migration of well-known shooting men and women from this little island of grey and lachrymose skies to various parts of the great African continent, where sunshine and unfettered freedom prevail, and where splendid sport with both gun and rifle awaits those who care to look and *work* for it. The most notable of migratory sportsmen is the Prince of Wales, who by the time these Notes are in type will be within five days' run of the Cape. Here the Prince will spend a few days with the Earl and Countess of Athlone at Government House before setting out on his long journey northward to Dodoma, Tanganyika Territory, where he will meet his safari about the middle of February. It was at Dodoma that the Royal sportsman abandoned his shooting trip in 1928 upon receiving news of the King's illness, and it was from this base that he made the homeward journey in record time.

THE Prince of Wales's chief object during the expedition through the wonderful game-bearing country of Tanganyika will lie in procuring some record heads of rhino, bush-cow (buffalo, the most cunning and dangerous of all African soft-skinned big game), lions, and the rare species of antelope which he failed to "bag" on his last tour. Under the very able organisation and leadership of such a widely experienced and essentially practical big-game hunter as Captain Denys Finch-Hatton, and his army of native spoorers and beaters, the small but efficient expedition may well be expected to secure some splendid trophies. And, in view of the fact that the tour is to be of an entirely unofficial nature, sans all regal ceremony and an intolerable amount of hand-shaking, it will doubtless afford unqualified enjoyment to a keen soldier-sportsman of modest tastes such as are characteristic of our hard-riding, sport-loving Prince.

NOTWITHSTANDING that Tanganyika affords some of the best all-round shooting in the world, there is another ex-German colony, namely, the Cameroons, West Africa, which, although but comparatively little known to English sportsmen, is well worthy the attention of big-game shooters, especially those who aspire to kill record "tuskers." During the Cameroons campaign of 1914-16 I was enabled to make a more or less cursory survey of the game country that extended on either side of our extraordinarily long lines of communication. It did not require very close observation to realise that the big-game possibilities — particularly in regard to elephant, leopard, and antelope — of this wonderful territory were exceptionally great, and such conclusions were subsequently substantiated by the immense stores of magnificent ivory and other trophies (including some huge gorilla pelts) which the Germans left behind them at Duala, Jaunde, Kribi, and other centres in their hurried retreat into Spanish Guinea.

IN 1920 I determined to organise a small shooting and photographic expedition to the practically unexplored forests and plateaux of the Cameroons hinterland, including the gorilla country, and thence, if possible, up to Lake Chad. To this end I consulted the late Sir Harry Johnston (Sir Harry represented our somnolent Empire in the Cameroons as Agent-General when the wide-awake and enterprising Teutons first hoisted their flag over Duala) anent ways and means. The versatile and great little African explorer gave me a vast deal of useful information regarding native conditions, the topography of the territory, transport, and so forth.

UNFORTUNATELY, that carefully arranged expedition came to a sudden and untimely end. Six trusty, well-tried and "salted" friends agreed to join and pool the expenses of the venture with me; a very capable Scotsman of many years' experience with natives was engaged as transport officer; arrangements were made with the Niger Company for transportation up the River Benue; bush kit, camp outfit, stores, etc., were ordered—provisionally, as luck had it—and, as we unsophisticated but rather too cocksure Britons believed, all that remained to be done was to step aboard the first available Elder Dempster liner bound for Duala. Then came a "12in. shell" in the form of an official letter from the Colonial Secretary, intimating that the French Colonial Office in Paris would not permit an English big-game shooting expedition to enter the Cameroons, which, by the way, we handed over to the French in 1916. But this fiasco happened just ten years ago, and I believe that all such aggressive obstacles have been removed by our Gallic friends since then.

MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

END OF SEASON RAMBLES.

IN the closing weeks of a shooting season the really keen sportsman may indulge in rambles not permitted during the period of orthodox parties. Nearly everybody nurses a secret desire for rough shooting of the varied bag order. Places may be known where ducks frequent or pass in flight, others where a few snipe are nearly always to be found. In addition there are ragged pieces of meadow which hold a few sitting-out rabbits. There is sure to be a surplus of cock pheasants, widely scattered but obtainable by energetic seeking. Woodpigeons are plentiful and offer opportunities varying from difficult to impossible. These last can be bagged in quantity by observance of well-known methods. Vermin species are much in evidence, with no greater satisfaction obtainable than bringing some of them to book. Where rabbits have not been reduced to the proper minimum some really hard work may be done in pursuing them in remote places, a service of infinite value in the protection of crops and of young plantations liable to ruin during a snowy spell. Even those who have grown stale under a surfeit of ordinary shooting will find new zest in practising the methods and emulating the enthusiasm of their poorer confrères. The woodcraft side of shooting is suppressed in the keepering atmosphere; the opportunities now available should therefore be seized to cultivate all that the term conveys.

FASHIONS FANCIES

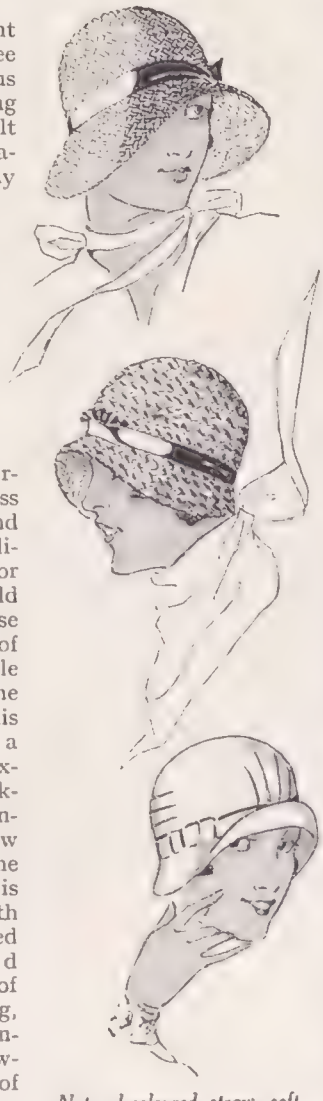
This beautiful coral-hued satin nightdress achieves the fashionable silhouette by means of a curved waistline and a long back. The deep pointed yoke is of boldly patterned ecru needle-run lace. It comes from Harvey Nichols, and so does the boudoir cap, adorned with a coronet of hand-made flowers and delicate lace

Soft Tweeds and Gay Accessories

By Olive Caley Smith

For Sunny Climes

Hats for sunny climes are very important just now, for during the first three months of each year the general exodus from England increases. A very interesting new collection of lightweight straw and felt models may be seen at Woodrow's, 46, Piccadilly. In the centre of this page is a shady natural-coloured Wheaton straw hat, simply trimmed with a neat black band. It costs only 25*s*. Next to it is a becoming mushroom-shaped mouflette in a lovely brown shade. The price of this is 27*s*. 6*d*., while flesh-coloured unspottable felt is used for the last of the trio, which costs 35*s*. The crown is encircled by a Petersham ribbon edged with beaver brown.



Natural-coloured straw, soft brown mouflette, and flesh-toned felt are used for these Riviera hats from Woodrow

Sketches by Marla Tyrrell

Distinctive Tweeds

The latest tweeds are very soft and colourful, and women who have a flair for dress have quickly appreciated their smartness and decorative qualities. Who, for instance, could fail to recognise the distinction of the ensemble illustrated on the right of this page? Made in a chocolate mixture tweed stockinette, the sunshine yellow crêpe de chine tuck-in blouse is ornamented with an embroidered monogram and oblique rows of dark stitching, the complementary scarf showing shades of yellow, beige, and brown. It may be procured for 12½ guineas at Richard Sands, 187a, Sloane Street, where a sale is now in progress. The second suit is of loosely woven ptarmigan-coloured tweed, the very soft wool jumper incorporating the same tones. The price of this is 11 guineas, matching hats being available from 2 guineas. Caps can be had from 25*s*. 9*d*., or, in either case, Rodier fabrics can be used instead. Sets comprising a bag, scarf, and belt cost 35*s*. 6*d*.

A gay little cap, with a matching bag and scarf, accompanies this soft ptarmigan-coloured tweed suit from Richard Sands

Irish Linen Bargains

With Christmas and the choosing of personal presents behind us, household requirements claim their share of attention. Robinson and Cleaver's (Regent Street) January Sale is an event that is eagerly looked forward to by the thrifty. There are Zulu quality Irish linen sheets, woven during the slack time to keep workers busy, for 25*s*. 11*d*. a pair, double bed size, with large pillow cases at 1*s*. 9*d*. each. Embroidered Irish linen bedspreads in a beige shade on natural-coloured heavy linen are available for 25*s*. 9*d*., double bed size; real Cluny lace dinner sets cost 22*s*. 9*d*. for thirteen pieces; linen huckaback face towels cost 18*s*. 9*d*. a dozen, and there are many bargains in the dress and lingerie departments. An illustrated catalogue will gladly be sent post free on request.

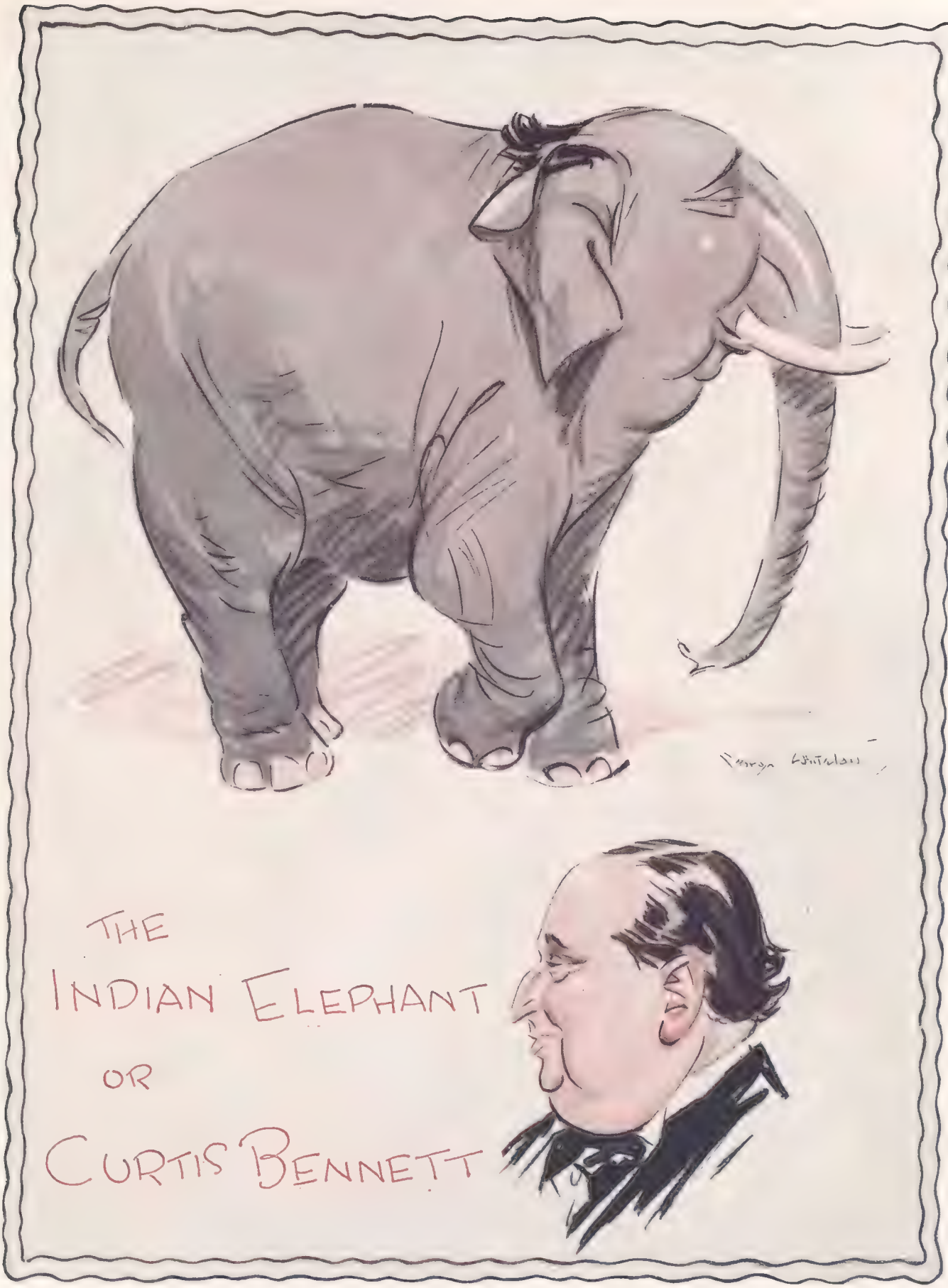
Liberty Fabrics

Those who delight in glowing colours and rich fabrics will find a visit to Liberty's, of Regent Street, a great treat, for their sale is now proceeding and wonderful pieces of dress and furnishing materials may be found at extremely moderate prices. Handsome brocades in silk and cotton, with large designs in gold on striped grounds of blue, black, or wine, have been reduced from 29*s*. 6*d*. to 9*s*. 11*d*. a yard; strong damasks being priced at 4*s*. 11*d*. instead of 19*s*. 6*d*. a yard. Liberty model gowns and dance frocks are offered, in some instances, for as little as half their original prices.

For Out-of-door Women

The one thing that no Englishwoman can afford to be without is an attractive-looking and thoroughly reliable rainproof coat. Elvery's, of 31, Conduit Street, W., are renowned for the excellence of their wet-weather garments, and their January Sale provides splendid opportunities for acquiring stormproof clothes at extremely moderate prices. They are offering a large selection of rainproof tweed coats for 4 guineas each, and considerable reductions are being made in the price of their colourful silk mackintoshes. For the golf enthusiast there are proofed coats and skirts which can be put on over one's ordinary suit. They cost only 4½ guineas, long leather coats being available from 8 guineas.

Very distinctive is this suit of tweed stockinette with its yellow tuck-in blouse. This, too, comes from Richard Sands



GEORGE WHITELAW'S WHO'S ZOO—No. 7

Sir Henry Curtis-Bennett, K.C., who is this week's addition to George Whitelaw's Who's Zoo, is one of the most brilliant and successful men at the Bar. Like the elephant, in which guise he is seen above, Sir Henry is possessed of a prodigious memory—as many a witness has found to his cost, and *costs!*

BY FLANAGAN

WHEN EAST MEETS WEST!

MOTOR NOTES

ANY TIME MOTORING TIME

By E. M. Wright

A scene on the Afghan-Indian frontier, showing the Indian guard on the left. The car seen above is a Rolls-Royce

A SUNNY day in January will bring no joy to the hearts of those who have exercised very ill-advised economy and have laid up their cars for the winter. These Notes are not for such as they. I have few words indeed for the fair-weather friends of motoring, and I speak only to the all-the-year-rounder. Yet many a man who keeps his car in commission the whole twelve months rather shrinks from touring during the winter. From November to, say, March he regards his car as a useful means of getting about—to the theatre, the golf course, to visit friends, and so forth. The country calls, nevertheless, in January as it does in June, and winter motoring can be enjoyed for its own sake. Any time, in fact, is motoring time, and if you will but venture forth you will enjoy a run at this time of the year with possibly keener gusto than you did in mid-summer. Winter motoring is not merely a cold-weather edition of summer motoring. It is different, and in its difference lies its chief charm. There are, of course, limitations. Short days mean short runs. And, of course, too, you must take adequate precautions against the weather. I shall touch on this side of the subject next week, but now I intend to speak only of the touring side of winter motoring.

***

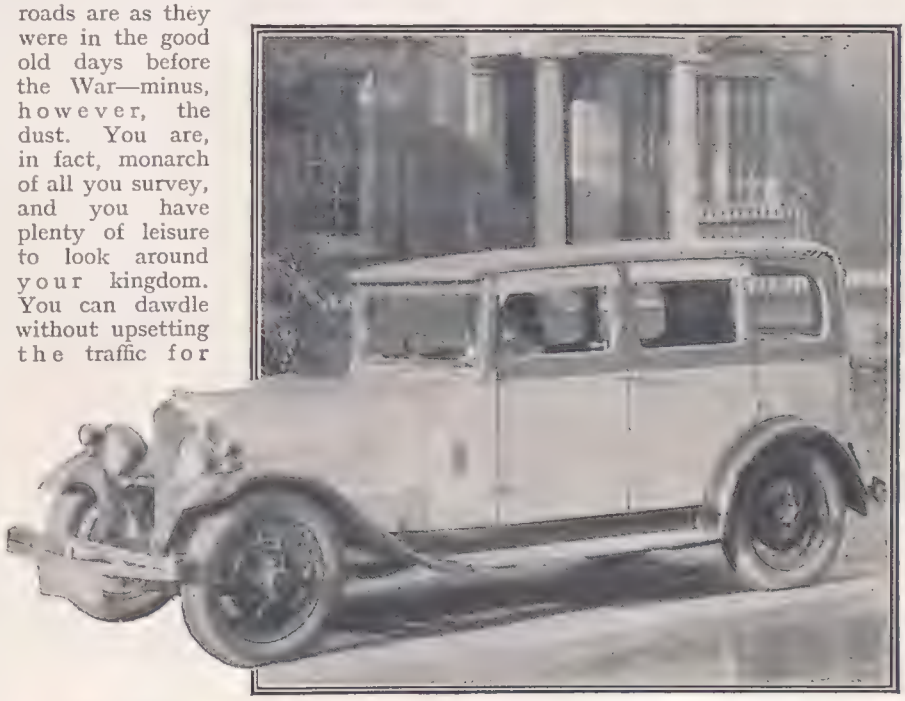
I HAVE referred to sunny days in January. "There ain't no sich thing," says the curmudgeon, who would have us believe that the four months of real winter are 120 days of rain, fog, sleet, snow, and numerous other adversities. The Weather Clerk may not be a good prophet, but at least he is an excellent historian, and a little research among his archives will reveal that there are dozens of fine, clear, sunny days when it is indeed good to be alive—when it is positive cruelty to your car to keep it locked up in the garage, not to speak of the wrong you do yourself by remaining indoors.

***

HOW many runs during the "season" have been ruined by the crowded state of the roads? How much do you see of the country as you drive slowly forward, keeping station in the endless string of cars bound for some popular coast resort? You dare not let your attention wander for a minute, and for all the pleasure you get out of it you might just as well go for a day's run through the slummiest quarters of the East End. How different it is in winter. The roads are as they were in the good old days before the War—minus, however, the dust. You are, in fact, monarch of all you survey, and you have plenty of leisure to look around your kingdom. You can dawdle without upsetting the traffic for miles behind, or you can do a little speeding without being blocked by streams of cars in front of you. Crowds do not force you into by-roads with indifferent surfaces. You can enjoy the good going of a main road without the inconvenience of traffic jams.

***

EVERY poet has written of the beauties of the countryside in spring, in summer, and in autumn, but few have written of it in winter. It is *not* dreary. Leafless trees are not dead trees, and in frosty weather they are, perhaps, even more beautiful with their delicate tracery of hoar frost than they are when in full leaf. A winter landscape under a frosty sky, however commonplace it may be, is none the less beautiful, and you appreciate a little sun in winter as you will never appreciate days of it in summer. If, too, we get a frost like that of last year the car will be an ideal adjunct to winter sports, especially if you live in Town. At one pond I visited during the Great Frost there was such a gathering of motorists that an impromptu car park was formed, complete with attendant. And, lastly, when you turn your face homewards in the gathering dusk it is with none of that feeling of regret that sometimes mars the homeward journey in a summer run. Home, with a warm fire and a cosy tea, is definitely attractive after a day's run in winter. There are some, indeed, who assert that these things are the best part of the



The latest Singer Light Six outside one of the school buildings at Harrow. It is a standard five-seater saloon available in many duo-tone colour schemes at £275 complete

MOTOR NOTES (continued)

outing. That may well be; but, after all, you cannot enjoy your home-coming if you have never stirred outside the door.

***

MR. J. W. SHILLAN, whose pioneer work on behalf of the Elto outboard motor in this country, and Europe generally, is well known, is now taking up the distribution of Dart inboard boats for the whole of Europe. These interesting runabouts are made in ten models, from 18½ft. to 30ft. in length, and the prices range from £425 to £2,100.

***

THE inventor who wished to demonstrate a petrol economiser recently chose quite the wrong car for his particular purpose. The demonstration was, of course, to show, first, what the car would do without the device fitted and then with it fitted, and the standard route chosen was 110 miles. Without the device fitted, in its perfectly standard form and with a passenger load of 29 stone, the car averaged 51¾ m.p.g.! With the economiser fitted the consumption improved by only 3¼ m.p.g. The car was a Singer Junior saloon.

***

IN anticipation of an active Riviera season the Automobile Association have republished their French Service Map, originally issued to assist members visiting France and Belgium during the summer months. Improvements, based upon practical experience, include more easily distinguishable road surface classifications, the addition of several cross-country byways linking the routes nationales, Continental port town plans, and full homeward shipping particulars. The publication is available free to members. The Automobile Association's foreign route service is concentrating upon international through-ways to recognised winter touring grounds and climatic resorts. Detailed official information is already available concerning entrainment of cars through the great Alpine tunnels.

A standard Marquette making a climb up Razor Back Hill, Moonmara, Queensland, in the record time of 26 seconds. The hill is 840 ft. in length, with an average gradient of 1 in 4½

***

NOWADAYS if you take up a motor paper to search for a second-hand car bargain you will notice that the sale of this class of vehicle is almost entirely in the hands of the dealers. The once-prized "private-owner bargain" is no longer to be obtained. Far from regretting this state of affairs, I hail it as a good thing. The private owner is in the best position to conceal any defects in his car, and he has no reputation to uphold; and once he has cashed your cheque he can snap his fingers at you. Far otherwise is it with a motor agent of repute. He has built up his business on the sale of good cars, and he cannot afford to pass off a dud. Consequently, if you can be content to do without the very latest in design and appearance, you can get extraordinarily good value by motoring second-hand all the time.

E. M. W.

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CARROTS À L'ALLEMANDE.

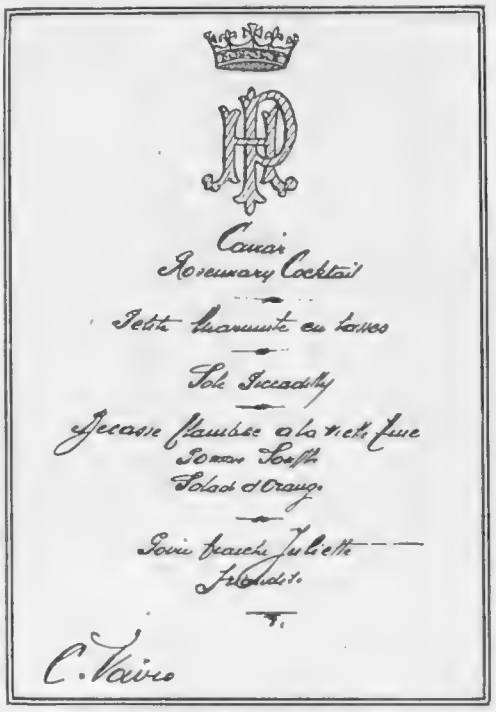
POMMES À LA MAÎTRE D'HOTEL.

BANANAS WITH LIQUEUR.

CAFÉ.

Kidney Omelette

BREAK five eggs into a basin and beat well. Skin two sheeps' kidneys and slice finely. Melt 1 oz. of butter in an omelette-pan; when hot put in one small minced onion or shallot, fry a few seconds, then put in the kidneys; toss them over the fire for five minutes. Season with salt and pepper, sprinkle over a teaspoonful of flour, moisten with a little gravy, and keep hot. Melt another ounce of butter in the omelette-pan, stir one tablespoonful of milk into the egg mixture, pour it in, and make the omelette in the usual way. When ready to fold put the kidney in the centre, fold in, and shape; let it colour a little, turn out on a hot dish, and pour some gravy round. Serve at once.



Menu of a dinner served at the Piccadilly Hotel in the Louis XIV Salon. It has been signed by M. Vavio, the Restaurant Manager

Casserole of Chicken

LINE the bottom of an earthenware fireproof casserole with thinly cut slices of bacon, a carrot, and one small sliced onion. Put in 1 oz. of butter, and let it melt over the fire. Place in the casserole a fowl cut up into small joints. Let it get a nice golden brown on each side. Now add a small bouquet of herbs (parsley, thyme, and bay-leaf), eight small shallots peeled and fried in butter, and three mushrooms. Moisten with half a pint of stock and a gill of brown sauce. Cover the pan and cook in a fairly hot oven for one hour. Baste it occasionally during the cooking. Take out the fowl, strain the sauce and skin it, and put both the fowl and sauce back in the casserole with the bacon and shallots. Keep the casserole hot till required for table.

Carrot à la Allemande

WASH and scrape a bunch of young carrots and boil them in plenty of slightly salted water till tender. Heat up in a sauté-pan about 1½ oz. of butter, put in the carrots, which have been cut into half-inch length pieces, toss them in the butter for a few minutes, sprinkle over a dessertspoonful of flour, and moisten with a gill of white stock or milk. Stir till it boils, then add two or three tablespoonfuls of cream, and also one small tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley. Season to taste with salt, pepper, and half a teaspoonful of castor sugar. Serve hot.

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WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

Costume Series—Number Two

The Norman Lady

The Norman lady of fashion wore her hair in long heavy braids, while her dress consisted of a tunic, richly adorned, closely fitting to the figure, with Maunche sleeves. Her skirt was of ample proportions, long and loosely flowing. A splendid mantle, furnished with a hood and fastened at one shoulder, completed the costume. It is in this style of dress Matilda, wife of Henry I, is depicted in the carving at the side of the great West door of Rochester Cathedral, which, by the way, is the first sculptured representation of an English sovereign known to exist in England.

Eight Centuries have passed since the Norman era, each marking tremendous strides in political, social and industrial development. But even in Norman days personal cleanliness was not unknown. Hot baths, balsams and perfumes are frequently mentioned by ancient chroniclers, but Wright's Coal Tar Soap was to them unknown. Not till 1865 did William Valentine Wright conceive this ideal toilet soap. No toilet soap has appealed so much to the imagination as Wright's Coal Tar Soap. Is there a better soap for baby's bath, or for mother's or father's toilet? To the tender skin Wright's Coal Tar Soap is compassionate—it soothes irritation—gives a feeling of freshness and vigour—and keeps the skin perfectly healthy.

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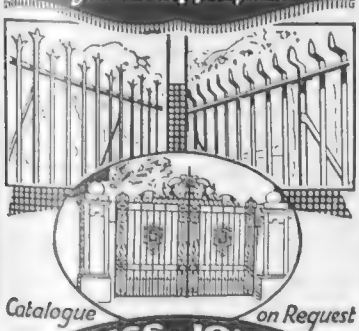

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Colonel J. S Dennis, C.M.G., who retired from the service of the Canadian Pacific Railway on January 1, after 28 years' service. He was Chief Commissioner of the company's department of Colonisation and Development

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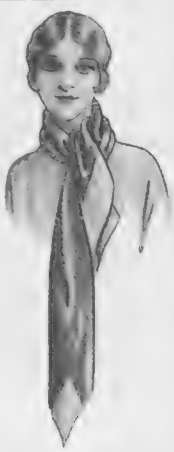

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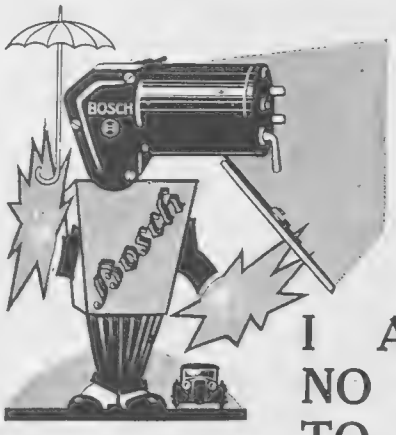

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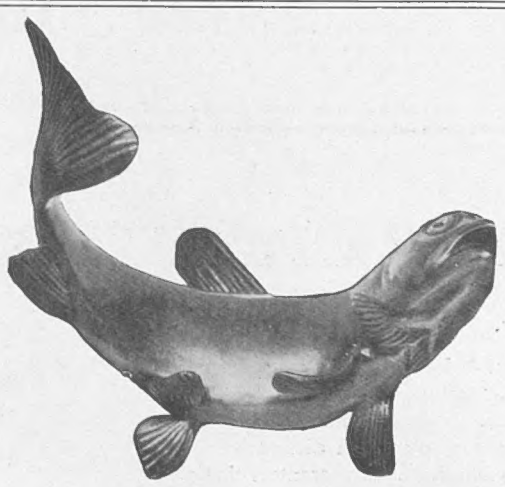

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"I, too," said the other . . . .

They strolled to the apartment side by side—Champeroux elegant with a slim umbrella, and Gosselin stiffly guarding the bouquet.

"Ah, how good you are! It is delicious. But it is ravishing!" cried the lady, in tones of extreme surprise, when the pair had kissed her hand and congratulated her.

To Champeroux's discomfiture, however, she made no mention of a basket of expensive roses . . . .

"Halgiers?" repeated Mr. Montgomery, the First Officer, rising to the bait. "And wot, may I arsk, is so fatal about Halgiers?"

"Weel," explained Mr. Glencannon, "as some of you know, Captain Ball and gentlemen, I've always been a great one for lummericks—silly veerses o' poesy like, for instance, the one aboot a cairtain young mon from Bombay who went oot a-riding one day, and the Coolie who lived in Hong-Kong whose job was to hammer a gong . . . . you know the sort o' thing."

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Printed for the Proprietors, ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, by THE CORNWALL PRESS LTD., 1-6, Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1, and published weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, at Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. January 15, 1930.
Entered as second class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York.
Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.